

JON H. LANGE

The
Id
of
the

PARVASE

THE ID OF THE PERVERSE



The Author (1993)

THE ID OF THE PERVERSE

Lyrics, poems, rants, raves,
cut-ups, fuck-ups,
and other shit.

Jon Lange

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Other works by the same Author:

Celebration (The Screenplay)
Celebration (The Novel)
Knobby the Knobhead
Knobby, The Complete Adventures
Memories/Remorse
At the Heart of Ignorance
The Big O Show
Feast of the Pansexualists
The Twilight of Consciousness
A Machine for Inner Space
The Dark Work
The Four Quarters
The Double Current
Pissed and Broke, No. 4
Pissed and Broke, No. 6
Sellon's Annotations
The Black Book of the Yezidis
Aleister Crowley & The International
Masseiana Volumes One to Four

INTRODUCTION

Man is a creative animal. Art is the manifestation of man. It is the creative impulse which distinguishes him from the beasts, something he has been doing for aeons. If we go back to the dawn of history of the human race we will find that the earliest man was in the habit of placing a hand on the walls of his cave and blowing a black dye over it. He would then take his hand away, leaving an imprint of what was once there, an indelible impression that is still visible today, for in this primitive act he was proving his existence: he knew that although he would perish and decay his artwork would live on long after he had gone. Surely this is the reason behind all art: to claim a quasi-immortality in a vast, ever-changing world. Man may belong to the temporal plane, but his art is eternal, if it is not ravaged by a destructive, jealous hand, or the savage passage of time. So in modern man this urge continues; seeking always to express himself, committing his creative impulse to canvas, wall, paper, stone, plaster, or whatever medium he chooses.

This book is such an instance. It is a manifestation of my mind, my creative endeavours brought down to this plane. It may not have a deep, long lasting impact like the cave-dwellers but it will still be here long after I have gone. It contains all my ideas, all my thoughts, nay, all my obsessions, over the years; a concretisation of all that I am, all that I have become, and all that I hold valuable in life.

The Id of the title is here the fulcrum of the instinctual drive, a deep desire to go beyond the human by perpetuating life beyond the body; however, not necessarily in human form, but through an act of creation I brought about my children; my little books, my pieces of art, being prime examples. I gave birth to them (sometimes accompanied by pain, equal to, if not greater than, a woman's natural birth) but in a perverse way, hence the title.

This book was originally conceived nearly twenty years ago as being representative of my work and interests, as well as a reflection of those interests through the creative expression. I can now say I have finally completed the task, albeit somewhat late, but at least I have arrived at a stage whereby I am reasonably satisfied, and can now rest, on this day my fifty-fifth birthday.

**Jon Lange
30/04/19**

KNOW YOU ARE

WELCOME

ALWAYS WELCOME

NEVER UNWELCOME

KNOW YOU ARE

EVER WELCOME

REALLY WELCOME

STOP!

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**WE'RE ALL STARING
INTO THE BARREL**

**OF A GUN
WAITING FOR
SOMEONE TO
PULL THE
TRIGGER.**

**SOONER
OR
LATER
DOES
NOT
MATTER.**



I WANT TO DRINK YOUR PISS

YOU KNOW I MUST BE CRAZY
STILL DECLARING MY LOVE FOR YOU
BUT I TRIED AND IT AIN'T EASY
TRYING TO FORGET ALL ABOUT YOU

(CHORUS)

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
I WANT TO DRINK YOUR ...
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
I WANT TO DRINK YOUR ...
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
I WANT TO DRINK YOUR ...

(GUITAR SOLO)

YOU KNOW NOTHING CHANGES
IN THIS MY UNHOLY LIFE
BUT I KEEP ON LIVING THE WAY I DO
'COS I'M STILL FUCKED UP OVER YOU

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(GUITAR SOLO)

(AD LIB, E.G. ...)

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, DON'T YOU? I'M GOING TO SNEAK INTO THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE HOUSE OF YOURS. I'M GOING TO CREEP UP THOSE STAIRS, WALK RIGHT PAST YOUR BEDROOM - WHERE WE FIRST DID IT - AND, NO, I'M NOT GOING TO GO IN, I'M GOING TO KEEP ON WALKING, ALL THE WAY TO THAT LITTLE ROOM OF YOURS. I'M GONNA HIDE MYSELF BEHIND YOUR TOILET AND WAIT THERE 'TIL YOU'VE GOT TO GO. THEN I'M GOING CATCH A LITTLE BIT OF YOU WHEN YOU'RE IN MIDFLOW, RIGHT THERE IN MY LITTLE BOTTLE, AND TAKE MY LITTLE BIT OF YOU HOME. I'M GOING TO BOIL YOU UP UNTIL I HAVE EXTRACTED THE ESSENCE OF YOU, LIKE IN A LITTLE ALCHEMICAL EXPERIMENT, JUST A LITTLE TRANSFORMATION, LIKE THEM ALCHEMISTS USED TO DO, AN ALCHEMICAL TRANSMUTATION OF YOUR SOUL, TURNING IT INTO PUREST GOLD. THEN I'M GOING TO DRINK YOU DOWN, DRINK YOU DOWN WHOLE, SO YOU'LL BE INSIDE ME. THEN I WILL HAVE YOU ALWAYS, A LITTLE BIT OF YOU DEEP INSIDE ME. I'M DRINKING YOU NOW. YOU'RE INSIDE ME NOW. AND I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU OUT - EVER. NOW I AM WHOLE, YOU AND ME, WE'RE TOGETHER, FINALLY. I AM YOU, I AM JUST LIKE YOU. JUST LIKE YOU. I AM YOU. I AM YOU!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

YOU KNOW I MUST BE CRAZY
STILL DECLARING MY LOVE FOR YOU
BUT I TRIED AND IT AIN'T EASY
TRYING TO FORGET ALL ABOUT YOU

(CHORUS)

YOU KNOW NOTHING CHANGES
IN THIS MY UNHOLY LIFE
BUT I KEEP ON LIVING THE WAY I DO
'COS I'M STILL FUCKED UP OVER YOU

(CHORUS)

(GUITAR SOLO)

I WANT TO DRINK YOUR PPPPPISSSSS

PERIOD CALL

IT HAPPENED ON A WARM SUMMER NIGHT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND HALF PAST MIDNIGHT. WE SWAM OUT AND WERE WADING ABOUT 300-400 FEET FROM THE SHORE WHEN IT SUDDENLY CAME RIGHT UP BEHIND HER, AND WITH SUCH A FORCE THAT IT PRACTICALLY THREW HER OUT OF THE WATER. THEN IT TOOK HER STRAIGHT DOWN. THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HER. NO ONE REALLY KNEW WHY IT ATTACKED LIKE THAT, AND WHY IT WAS HER RATHER THAN ME. THEY SAID THERE WAS NO SPECIFIC REASON FOR IT TO HAVE ATTACKED HER AT ALL, UNLESS SHE WAS HAVING HER PERIOD.

I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL.
(THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL)

WE COME INTO THIS WORLD
THROUGH A PORTAL OF BLOOD
AFTER SPERM AND OVUM MEET
AND JUST BEFORE THE FLOOD

IT COMES LIKE THE MOON
THE RAINS AND THE SEASONS
SOMETIMES ON TIME, SOMETIMES LATE
OR NOT AT ALL FOR VARIOUS REASONS

YOU CAN TELL WHEN IT HAS COME
AND WHEN YOUR WOMAN IS ON
FOR SHE'S ALWAYS MOODY, BAD TEMPERED
CANTANKEROUS AND NEVER MUCH FUN

AT TIMES IT'S LIKE IT'S A ROLE
THAT HAS BEEN IMPLICITLY WRITTEN
SHE ALWAYS PLAYS THE PART
WHERE SHE'S IN PAIN AND SORELY SMITTEN

AND IF SHE'S GOT IT REAL BAD
THEN THE WHOLE WORLD HAS TO KNOW
AND SHE ALWAYS BLAMES HER PMT
WHEN SHE CAN'T GO ON WITH THE SHOW

I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL
(THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL)

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH IT AT ALL
SO DON'T BE ALARMED, IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL
AND BE PATIENT, WAIT FOR IT TO DISAPPEAR
BEFORE DOING WHAT COMES SO NATURAL

WITHOUT IT I GUESS YOU COULD SAY
WE WOULDN'T NOTICE WOMEN AT ALL
SOMETIMES IT'S LIKE THEY'RE ON HEAT
ACTING LIKE A MAGNET FOR A QUICK BALL

AND WITHOUT IT WE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE HERE
SO NEXT TIME SHE'S ON, ACT LIKE YOU REALLY CARE
FOR IT HELPS TO KEEP HER PARTS IN WORKING ORDER
THE HUMAN RACE IN PERPETUATION, AND IONISES THE AIR

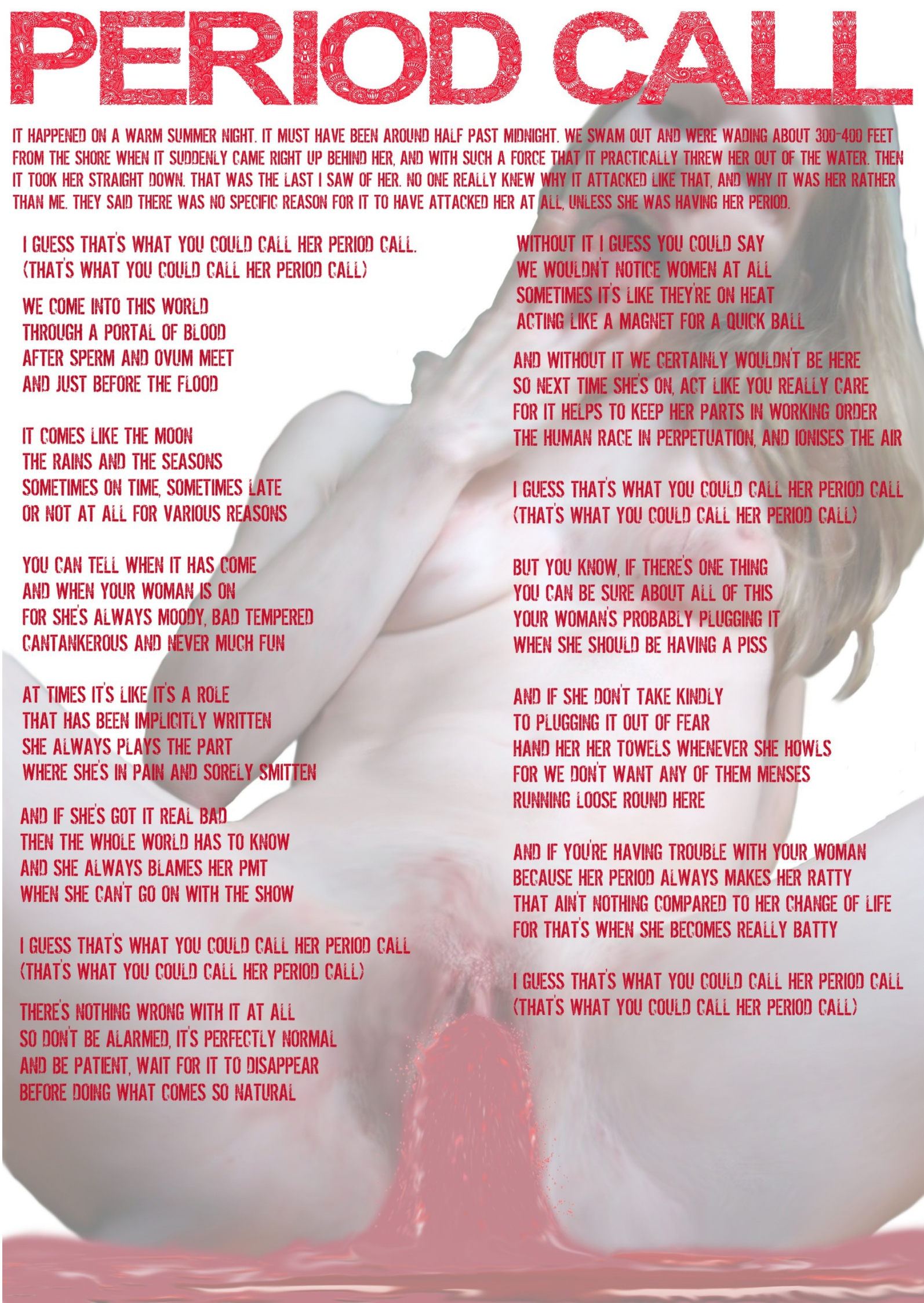
I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL
(THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL)

BUT YOU KNOW, IF THERE'S ONE THING
YOU CAN BE SURE ABOUT ALL OF THIS
YOUR WOMAN'S PROBABLY PLUGGING IT
WHEN SHE SHOULD BE HAVING A PISS

AND IF SHE DON'T TAKE KINDLY
TO PLUGGING IT OUT OF FEAR
HAND HER HER TOWELS WHENEVER SHE HOWLS
FOR WE DON'T WANT ANY OF THEM MENSES
RUNNING LOOSE ROUND HERE

AND IF YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOUR WOMAN
BECAUSE HER PERIOD ALWAYS MAKES HER RATTY
THAT AIN'T NOTHING COMPARED TO HER CHANGE OF LIFE
FOR THAT'S WHEN SHE BECOMES REALLY BATTY

I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL
(THAT'S WHAT YOU COULD CALL HER PERIOD CALL)



I CAN'T COME



TOO MUCH SPEED
I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES CLOSED
TOO MUCH SPEED
GOT NO RESPECT FOR MY NOSE
GUESS I REALLY FOOLED YOU
I WAS USING MY THUMB
THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS ...
I CAN'T COME
TRY FEELING GUILTY
I CAN'T COME
MY MEMBER FEELS NUMB
I CAN'T COME
YOU'D BETTER TAKE MY WORD FOR IT
I WOULDN'T FEED YOU BULLSHIT
I CAN'T COME

I GOTTA GO TO WORK NOW
IS THAT THE TIME ALREADY
BUT DID YOU ENJOY IT
I'LL BUY YOU A BANANA (BANANA)
I'LL BUY YOU TWO BANANAS
A CUCUMBER AS WELL
OH, RING MY BELL

WOULD YOU PLAY THE CLARINET, PLEASE
MAYBE BANG MY DRUM

CAROLE VORDEMAN
(SHE CAN'T COME)
JOANNA LUMLEY
(SHE CAN'T COME)
QUEEN OF THE MEAN - ANNE ROBINSON
(SHE CAN'T COME)
JAMIE THEAKSTON
(HE CAN'T COME)
CHARLIE'S ANGELS
(THEY CAN'T COME)
VICTORIA BECKHAM
(SHE CAN'T COME)
MISS GAIL PORTER
(SHE CAN'T COME)
BARBARA WINDSOR
(SHE CAN'T COME)

YOU FEEL HORNY?
HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL?

KYLIE MINOGUE
(SHE CAN'T COME)
GERI HALLIWELL
(SHE CAN'T COME)
THE GIRLS FROM THE CORRS
(THEY CAN'T COME)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
TRY IT WITH THE RADIO
PUT THE LIGHTS OUT
YOUR TONGUE IN MY EAR
LET'S TRY IT OVER THERE
DID WE DO IT ON THE FLOOR

CAN WE TRY IT SOME MORE
NO, I DON'T THINK SO
TRIED TO READ A BOOK
'COS IT AIN'T GOT NOTHING
BUT THE WAY YOU LOOK
THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS ...

I CAN'T COME
WHERE'S THE VIBRATOR?
I HAD IT JUST NOW
LET'S USE THIS FINGER
ZOE BALL
(SHE CAN'T COME)
ROBBIE WILLIAMS
(HE CAN'T COME)
OSAMA BIN LADEN
(HE CAN'T COME)
GERMAINE GREER
(SHE CAN'T COME)

A BAR OF CHOCOLATE
MAKE THAT FIVE BARS
HALF A POUND OF LIVER
WE'RE RIGHT OUT OF BUTTER

MELANIE B
(SHE CAN'T COME)
EWAN MCGREGOR
(HE CAN'T COME)
JERRY SPRINGER
(HE CAN'T COME)
JORDAN
(SHE CAN'T COME)
CHEEKY GIRLS, ONE AND TWO
(THEY CAN'T COME)
LITTLE DAMIEN HIRST
(HE CAN'T COME)
THE PERVERTS FROM THE SEX SHOP
(THEY CAN'T COME)
SADDAM HUSSEIN
(HE CAN'T COME)
CRUELLA DE VILLE
(SHE CAN'T COME)
BILL CLINTON
(HE CAN'T COME)
IRVINE WELSH
(HE CAN'T COME)
ALI G
(HE CAN'T COME)
ALEISTER CROWLEY
(HE CAN'T COME)
CLUB INTERNATIONAL
(CAN'T COME)
ANASTASIA
(SHE CAN'T COME)
SHANIA TWAIN
(SHE CAN'T COME)
JAMIE OLIVER
(HE CAN'T COME)

JEMMA WALKER
(SHE CAN'T COME)
OR KATE WINSLETT
(SHE CAN'T COME)
SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR
(SHE CAN'T COME)
CAMERON DIAZ
(SHE CAN'T COME)
REECE WITHERSPOON
(SHE CAN'T COME)
SHARON STONE
(SHE CAN'T COME)
JUDI DENCH
(SHE CAN'T COME)
ULRIKA JONSSON
(SHE CAN'T COME)
NICOLE KIDMAN
(SHE CAN'T COME)
HUGH GRANT
(HE CAN'T COME)
PIERCE BROSNAN
(HE CAN'T COME)
THAT BITCH MADONNA
(SHE CAN'T COME)
THE BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
(HE CAN'T COME)
THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRADAME
(HE CAN'T COME)

ANYONE IN THE WORLD CAN DO IT EXCEPT
ME. I'M NOT NORMAL. I'M A FREAK. WHAT
AM I GONNA DO? HOW WILL I FACE MY
FRIENDS AT SCHOOL? HOW CAN I TELL
THEM ... I CAN'T COME?

LOOK, YOU SAY WE DID IT, AND I SAY WE
DID, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW. IT'S A
SECRET BETWEEN YOU AND ME, RIGHT?
SEE THAT LOVEBITE THERE ON MY
SHOULDER, AND I'LL SAY, LOOK, HOW
ABOUT THAT, THEN? DID YOU SCORE?
SCORE, I'LL SAY, DAMNED NEAR KILLED THE
GIRL. EXHAUSTED? SHE DOESN'T COME
OUT OF HOSPITAL TILL TUESDAY WEEK.
CAN'T COME? HUH! NOT ME, I'M THE
ORIGINAL BULL, THE ORIGINAL BULL, THE
ORIGINAL STALLION ... MEANWHILE, BACK
HERE IN THIS BED THERE'S ME AND YOU,
TOE TO TOE, AND HEAD TO HEAD, AND NO
ACTION!

TOO MUCH SPEED
CAN'T KEEP MY EYES CLOSED
TOO MUCH SPEED
GOT NO RESPECT FOR MY NOSE
GUESS I REALLY FOOLED YOU
I WAS USING MY ...

TERMINAL STUPID*

FOR EVERY NEW GIRL LIKE THE LAST VIRGIN QUEEN
NOT NO FLESH AND BLACK CLIP
FROM YOUR LATEST WET DREAM
BUT WHEN THE SUN RISES
OH WHAT DO YOU SEE
ASLEEP ON YOUR PILLOW
ITS ALL THOSE COULD SEE
SPEND A FEW GIRLS LIKE A FRESH PULL OUT SPREAD
START WITH A CLUE AND A SCREAM IN YOUR HEAD
BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING
WHEN ALL IS DONE AND SAID
THERE'S SOMETHING HALF
ON YOUR SIDE OF THE BED

(CHORUS)
TERMINAL STUPID, YOUR HEAD'S IN A MESS
I CAN COUNT YOUR BRAIN CELLS
ON MY FINGER OR LESS
TERMINAL STUPID, DON'T KNOW YOUR SEX
LOST TRACK OF YOUR BIRTHDAY
COS YOU CAN'T CARE LESS

YOU MARK EVERY MAN
WITH A NOTCH ON YOUR GUN
THE PASSPORT OF PLEASURE
WHO MIGHT BE THE ONE TO
PICKS UP ONE MORNING
WHEN EVERY NEW PERSON
SEEMS NOTHING TO DO
STROKE FOR HUMANICS
AT STAGE ONE AND TWO
BUT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN
WHEN TWO PEOPLE ARE CLEAR OUT OF DREAMS
WAIT FOR DREAMS TO COME TRUE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

CAN'T CARE LESS
YOU'RE A WALKING DISGRACE
CAN'T READ A THING IN YOUR FACE
COS THERE'S NOTHING THERE TO READ
NO TRACE OF HUMANITY
YOU'RE A WALKING VACUUM
YOUR IQ'S A FRACTION
YOU'RE THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR
AIN'T GOT NO HOPE
YOU'RE NOT WORTH A LIGHT
NOT WORTH A LIGHT

YOU'RE A DAMP SQUIB
A DAMP SQUIB (X 12 TIMES)
D. A. M. P. S. Q. U. I. B.
A DAMP SQUIB (X 10 TIMES)
YOU'RE DAMP, A DAMPER, YOU'RE WET
DAMP SQUIB, DAMP, DAMP SQUIB
FINISHED

* Segued into live version of main track. Words slightly altered from the original.



HEY GIRL, ARE YOU FEELING ALRIGHT
HEY GIRL, WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT TONIGHT
HEY GIRL, WE'RE GONNA BE OUT OF SIGHT
AND OUT OF OUR FUCKING MINDS
HEY GIRL, YOU'RE MY NEW DISEASE
HEY GIRL, SO DON'T YOU BE A TEASE
HEY GIRL, GET ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES
AND PLEASE ME WHILE I TAKE YOU FROM BEHIND
SHE SAYS . . .

"YOU KNOW, ALL THIS SODOMY
IT'S KINDA GETTIN' TO ME
IT'S LIKE ESCAPE VELOCITY
AND IT REALLY TURNS ME ON"

ON? ON! ON? ON! ON? ON!!! WHIEW!!!!
HEY GIRL, I KEEP BEATING AT YOUR DOOR
HEY GIRL, DON'T YOU STOP BEGGING FOR MORE
HEY GIRL, JUST KEEP KISSING THE FLOOR
WHILE I SLOWLY DRIVE YOU WILD

HEY GIRL, I CAN SEE YOU LIKE IT LIKE THIS
HEY GIRL, DON'T YOU EVER GIVE IT A MISS
HEY GIRL, YOU KNOW YOU JUST CAN'T RESIST
SO GIVE IN AND THINK OF NOTHING ELSE NOW
SHE SAYS . . .

"YOU KNOW, ALL THIS SODOMY
IT'S KINDA GOTTEN TO ME
IT'S LIKE ESCAPE VELOCITY
AND IT REALLY TURNS ME ON"

ON? ON! ON? ON! ON? ON!!! WHIEW!!!!
HEY GIRL, DO YOU WANT ANOTHER DANCE
HEY GIRL, SHALL WE TAKE ANOTHER CHANCE
HEY GIRL, I'M OUT TO GET INTO YOUR PANTS
AND INTO YOUR ASS FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT
HEY GIRL, YOU KNOW I LIKE TO DO IT THIS WAY
HEY GIRL, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU SAY
HEY GIRL, IT'S GONNA TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY
AND YOU'LL BE A WHOLE LOT WISER
SHE SAID . . .

"YOU KNOW, ALL THAT SODOMY
IT KINDA GOT TO ME
IT WAS LIKE ESCAPE VELOCITY
AND IT REALLY TURNED ME ON"

I SAID . . .
"WE GOTTA DO IT RIGHT"
"DON'T PUT UP A
FIGHT"
"LET'S SET THE
WORLD ALIGHT
TONIGHT"
"ALRIGHT"

HEY GIRL, ARE YOU FEELING ALRIGHT
HEY GIRL, WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT TONIGHT
HEY GIRL, WE'RE GONNA BE OUT OF SIGHT
AND OUT OF OUR FUCKING MINDS
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IT KINDA GOT TO ME
IT WAS LIKE ESCAPE VELOCITY
AND IT REALLY TURNED ME ON"

I SAID . . .
"WE GOTTA DO IT RIGHT"
"DON'T PUT UP A
FIGHT"
"LET'S SET THE
WORLD ALIGHT
TONIGHT"
"ALRIGHT"



SLIPSTREAM

STRATO

I WANNA SLIP INSIDE YOUR SLIPSTREAM, BABY
I WANNA TAKE A RIDE WITH YOU
I WANNA CRUISE ON DOWN YOUR HIGHWAY (HIGHWAY)
I WANNA SLIP RIGHT INSIDE YOU

I WANNA OPEN UP YOUR CARBURETOR, BABY
I THINK YOU MIGHT LIKE IT TOO
I WANNA FEEL A WARM SENSATION
FLOWING OUT OF YOU

(CHORUS)

LET'S TRIP A NIGHT TOGETHER
UNDER THE SILKY BLUE
YOU MAY NOT LEARN A LOT FROM ME
BUT I MIGHT JUST EDUCATE YOU

I WANNA TAKE YOU ON A TRIP, BABY
YOU MAY GET A KICK OUT OF IT TOO
I WANNA FEEL YOUR PASSION BLOWING (FLOWING)
AS I DROWN MYSELF IN YOU

I WANNA POLISH YOUR LEATHER INTERIOR
MAKE YOU ALL SHINY AND NEW
I WANNA EASE MYSELF IN GENTLY
AS I SINK DOWN INTO YOU

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I WANNA PUT MY FOOT DOWN, BABY
DRIVE REAL FAST WITH YOU
DREAM A LIFE OF STRIPTIME, MAYBE
TAKE IN A LUXURY OR TWO

I WANNA GET YOU INTO GEAR, BABY
TAKE YOU UP A NOTCH OR TWO
LET'S SEE IF WE MESH TOGETHER (FOREVER)
WITH A SLOW SYNCHING GROOVE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

YOUR SLIPSTREAM MAY JUST BE A WINNER, BABY
BUT THERE AIN'T NO REAL PLEASING YOU


STRATO CRUISER

Que Sera Sera (Alternative Version)

1.

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY
MY MOTHER ONCE SAID TO ME

DANNY FANCIES
MY MUM!



when danny was 7

2.

PULL DOWN YOUR PANTS
AND HAVE A GOOD WANK

DORIS KISSING ME
AND HAVE A GOOD WANK

DORIS IS A . . .

3.

AND DO IT ALL OVER ME

Miss? What is this used for?

4.


QUE SERA SERA

WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE

He can't even sling properly!

u


5.



THE FUTURE'S NOT OURS TO SEE
MISS HAS COBWEBS
BETWEEN

Pencil

6.



QUE SERA SERA
WHAT WILL BE WILL BE
MISS HAS COBWEBS
BETWEEN HER LEGS

Burnhole

7.



WHEN I WAS JUST A TEENAGER
MY BLIND FATHER SAID TO ME

8.

JUSTIN ALWAYS CLEAN IT AFTER USE
WHEN YOU GIVE IT SOME ABUSE
POOP

11.

Mummy sucks Daddy

THE FUTURE'S NOT OURS TO SEE



12.

Daddy sucks Mummy

QUE SERA SERA
WHAT WILL BE WILL BE



13.

WHEN I WAS JUST A SCHOOLBOY
MY TEACHER ONCE FISTED MY ASS

TURD
BURGLAR

14. Jenny is a skater.  HE THOUGHT IT WAS REALLY FUN. 


15.

$\frac{27}{13}$ Jonny is a shit

A

YAY

I NEVER GOT THE MEANING
NOR DID THE REST OF THE CLASS



16.

$\frac{20}{9}$ ~~Danny~~ is a shit Danny is FAY

SLAY QUE SERA SERA

WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE

17

~~DA~~ DA is a shit DA is FAY
A Sucks SEE
SUCKS IN Hell
THE FUTURE'S NOT OURS TO SEE

18.

~~JOE~~ ~~JOE~~ is a shit ~~Danny~~ is FAY

~~A~~ ~~SUE~~ ~~SUE~~ ~~SUE~~

QUE SERA SERA


WHAT WILL BE WILL BE

~~COCK~~ ~~COCK~~ ~~COCK~~


~~HAS NO~~ ~~Hell~~ ~~TITS~~

19.

THEN WHEN I BECAME A BANKER
MY BOSS SAID BANKING'S REALLY
EASY



20.



HE TOOK ME IN HIS HAND
MADE ME COME LIKE A MAN

21.

THEN HE SAID WANKING'S
FREE



22.

QUE SERA SERA

WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE

X

23.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

THE FUTURE'S NOT OURS TO SEE



24.

* B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

QUE SERA SERA
WHAT WILL BE WILL BE



25.

AND IF YOU HAVE TO WORK
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A
PROSTITUTE

10/10 ✓

26.

C'EST LA VIE!

27.

The

28.

End

OBSSESSED

I'M JACK THE RIPPER
I'M STILL RIPPING UP THIS TOWN
ONE NIGHT I'M GOING TO FIND YOU
AND I'M GOING TO CUT YOU DOWN

I'M JEFFREY DAHMER
I'VE GOT A FRIDGE FULL OF FOOD
WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER FOR DINNER
I BET YOU TASTE REAL GOOD

I'M NICE GUY EDDIE GEIN (IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN)
AND I'M SICK OF YOU HANGING AROUND
ONE DAY I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE AND WEAR YOU
AND WE'LL GO DANCING ON YOUR BURIAL MOUND (ALRIGHT)

I'M MR WEST — YOU CAN CALL ME NIGHTMARE FREDDIE
I'VE GOT A HOUSE THAT'S BIG ENOUGH FOR MORE
WHY DON'T YOU COME ON OVER, TAKE A LOOK AROUND
I THINK YOU'D LOOK GREAT
A PRETTY LITTLE PICTURE ON MY WALL
OR A PERMANENT FIXTURE UNDER MY FLOOR

(CHORUS)
YOU THINK I'M SICK, BUT I'M NOT AS SICK AS YOU
YOU THINK I'M SICK, BUT I'M NOT AS SICK AS YOU
NO WAY

I'M RICHIE RAMIREZ (YOU KNOW ME AS THE STALKER)
IT'S NIGHT AND I'M STALKING YOU RIGHT NOW
I'M GONNA BREAK INTO YOUR HOUSE, BREAK INTO YOU
AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME A GOOD SCREAM, GIRL
I'LL BREAK YOUR FACE, SO DON'T YOU LET ME DOWN

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I'M ONLY OBSESSED WITH MY OBSESSIONS
I'M ONLY OBSESSED WITH YOU
I'M OBSESSED WITH YOUR IMMINENT DEATH
HEARING YOUR LAST BREATH
THEN I'LL DO MYSELF IN TOO

(REPEAT CHORUS)

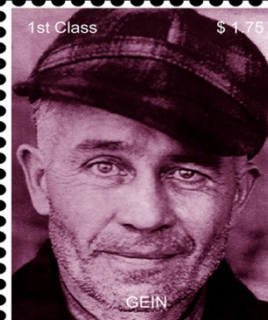
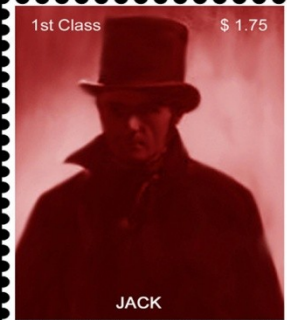
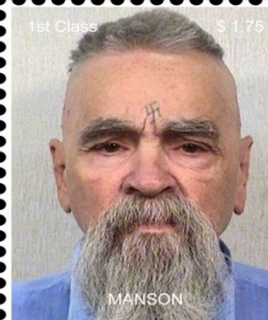
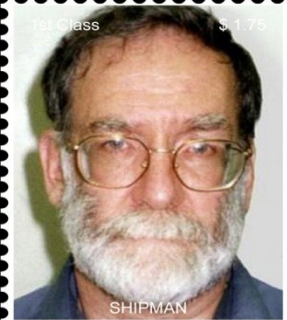
(GUITAR SOLO)

I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF MY OBSESSION
GOTTA GET RID OF YOU, GET RID OF
ALL THE THINGS I COULD DO TO YOU

YOU THINK I'M SICK, JUST ANOTHER BERKOWITZ
ANOTHER WELSER, CHRISTIE, BUNDY, MANSON
(ETC., AD LIB OTHERS)
YET YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT
THAT AIN'T NOTHING COMPARED TO YOU

CAN'T FORGET THE LAST TIME YOU LOOKED AT ME
BACK THEN I WAS PLANNING YOUR LOVELY DEMISE
YOU THOUGHT I WAS ONLY JOKING
BUT YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING
WHEN I GOUCE OUT YOUR EYES

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW
TELL ME, WHO'S LAUGHING NOW
I WILL NEVER GIVE UP ON YOU
'COS I'M STILL DOWN ON YOU
YOU WHORE



THE PEOPLE DON'T CARE

WHO SHALL I BE TODAY
SOMEONE STRAIGHT, SOMEONE GAY
SOMEONE WHO LIKES TO PLAY

(CHORUS)

THE PEOPLE DON'T CARE
THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN
THE PEOPLE DON'T CARE
THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN
THE PEOPLE DON'T CARE
THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMMMMMMMMN

WHO SHALL I BE TONIGHT
SOMEONE HEAVY, SOMEONE LIGHT
SOMEONE WHO LIKES TO FIGHT

(REPEAT CHORUS)

WE'RE ALL LOOKING FOR FACES
LOOKING FOR PLACES
TO HIDE OURSELVES AWAY

(REPEAT CHORUS)

NO ONE CARES ANYMORE

(REPEAT CHORUS TWICE)

NO ONE CARES ANY ... MORE



RICH AND FAMOUS

Dedicated to J.H.



(CHORUS)

DON'T TOUCH ME, I'M FAMOUS
YOU CAN FUCK ME, BUT I'M CONTAGIOUS
IT'S GREAT TO BE SO OUTRAGEOUS, YEAH

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I'M SUPER RICH, I'M SUPER COOL
GOT SUPER LOOKS
GOT A SUPER TOOL
AND I USED IT SO WISELY

WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT
IT WOULD END UP LIKE THIS
EVERYONE WANTING TO BE LIKE ME
LIVING A LIFE OF LUXURY

DATING SASSY CHICKS
SNORTING LOADS A COKE
STARRING IN PORN-O-FLICKS
SWAPPING FILTHY JOKES

DRIVING FAST CARS
SPENDING BIG BUCKS
HANGING ROUND BARS
GETTING LOTS A FUCKS

GETTING BUSTED
WITH THE WRONG CROWD
IN THE END, I COULD SEE
I HAD TO GET OUT

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I'M SUPER RICH, I'M SUPER COOL
GOT SUPER LOOKS
GOT A SUPER TOOL
AND I KNEW HOW TO USE IT WISELY

NO ONE COULD BELIEVE IT
AND EVERYONE ADORED IT
NO ONE COULD IGNORE IT
WHENEVER I GOT IT OUT

GOT CAUGHT UP IN THE BIZ
GOT CARRIED AWAY WITH IT ALL
WHEN I DID THE WHIZZ
THAT'S HOW I ENDED UP BLINDED
I COULD SEE, I HAD TO GET OUT

I'M SUPER RICH, I'M SUPER COOL
GOT SUPER LOOKS
GOT A SUPER TOOL
AND I GUESS I OVER-USED IT

BECAME MY OWN WORSE ENEMY
NOBODY WANTED A PIECE OF ME
WHEN I COULDN'T MAKE IT
WHEN I COULDN'T FAKE IT
EVERYONE WANTED TO TAKE ME OUT

NO ONE WANTS TO KNOW YOU
WHEN YOU CAN'T GET IT UP
NO ONE WANTS TO BLOW YOU
WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

YEAH, IT'S GREAT TO BE FAMOUS
WANDERING ROUND AIMLESS
IN A DAZE, SO CONFUSED
IN A HAZE, SELF-ABUSED
AND WHEN YOU'RE A LOSER
NO ONE WANTS TO USE YA

IT'S NO FUN ON THE RUN
UNDER TOO MUCH PRESSURE
AND YOU JUST CAN'T COME

THAT'S WHY I HAD TO GET OUT

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I'M SUPER RICH, I'M SUPER COOL
GOT SUPER LOOKS
GOT A SUPER TOOL
AND I WISH I HADN'T ABUSED IT

YOU KNOW, IT'S A CRUEL TWIST OF
IRONY THAT WHAT MADE ME FAMOUS
IN THE END EVENTUALLY KILLED ME. THERE
I WAS, IN THE PRIME OF MY LIFE, GETTING
UP ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL CHICKS AND GETTING
PAID FOR IT. (AD LIB, AS FOLLOWS)

BUT SOONER OR LATER IN LIFE YOU
HAVE TO COME UNDONE, AND I DID,
BIG TIME. I WAS ONCE THE STAR OF
THE SHOW, EARNING MONEY LIKE
NOBODY'S BUSINESS. IT SORT OF
GOES TO YOUR HEAD. AND IT
CERTAINLY WENT TO MINE - THROUGH
MY NOSE. SO AT ONE POINT I JUST
COULDN'T DO IT. IT WAS HARD TRYING
TO DEAL WITH THE HABIT WHILST
TRYING TO KEEP IT UP. AND NOT ONLY
GIRLS WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN
ANSWER, BUT WHEN YOU'RE IN MY LINE
OF WORK, NEITHER WILL THE PRODUCER.
AND I HAD TO PRODUCE, DELIVER THE
GOODS OR I WAS OUT. SO YOU KNOW
WHAT I DID, I FIGURED I WOULD CLEAN
MYSELF OUT, SMARTEN MYSELF UP,
TRY AND GET BACK TO THE MEGA-
STATUS I HAD EARN'T MYSELF. BUT IT'S
HARD TO GET UP WHEN YOU'RE DOWN,
AND THE EVER DECREASING CIRCLES
KEEP DECREASING, SO THERE'S NO
WAY OUT BUT DOWN. BUT HEY, I CAN'T
COMPLAIN. I'VE HAD A GOOD LIFE,
BEEN FAMOUS FOR ONE THING, WAS
EVEN RICH AT ONE POINT. UNTIL, THAT
IS, I STARTED DOING BLOW. SO IF
THERE'S ONE LESSON TO BE LEARN'T
FROM ALL OF THIS, IT'S DON'T MESS
WITH DRUGS, KIDS, JUST STICK TO
GOOD OLD FUCKING - EVEN IF YOU
DON'T GET PAID FOR IT. AND ALWAYS
REMEMBER TO PRACTISE SAFE SEX,
OR YOU'LL END UP BEING FATAL LIKE ME.
THAT'S WHY THEY USED TO CALL ME
'JOHNNY POISON H.I.V.' SO DON'T TRY
TO EMULATE ME 'COS YOU'LL NEVER OUT-
FUCK ME. YOURS TRULY, BIG JOHN.

I WAS SUPER FUCKIN' RICH
WITH A SUPER FUCKIN' TOOL
I WAS A SUPER FUCKIN' STAR
I WAS A SUPER FUCKIN' FOOL
IT'S GREAT TO BE FAMOUS
WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT



YOU KNOW I WOULD'VE LOVED YOU
IF YOU WEREN'T CUT IN TWO
I COULD HAVE SLAIN YOU, DRAINED YOU
IF SOMEONE HADN'T DONE THAT TOO

I WISH I COULD HAVE HAD YOU
JUST A PIECE OF YOU, MAYBE TWO
BUT SOMEONE WENT AND SEVERED
ALL MY CONNECTIONS WITH YOU

I FELL INTO THE TWIN LIGHTS
OF YOUR DARKEST MYSTERY
GOT LOST FOLLOWING MY WAY
DROWNING IN BLACKEST HISTORY

BUT NOW I'M BLEEDING, GIRL
BLEEDING RIGHT THROUGH
LOST A TUBFUL OF BLOOD, BABY
JUST LIKE YOU

CAN YOU FEEL OUR LIVES SEEPING OUT SLOWLY
THROUGH OUR OPEN SORES, OUR SCARRED SOULS
OUR JAGGED WOUNDS, OUR BLOODY HOLES
WE TWO WERE BROKEN, BEATEN AND ABUSED

YOUR LIFE WAS IN YOUR BEAUTY
YOUR DEATH WAS IN YOUR EYES
YOUR BIRTH-MARK WAS A ROSE
A TATTOO BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS

BUT YOU HAD TO BE KILLED
BY SOMEONE LESS SKILLED
AND I TOO AM SPLIT IN TWO
'COS I'M ALL CUT UP OVER YOU
IF I COULD I'D PENETRATE YOU
YOUR FRAGILE AND TORTURED SOUL
I'D KEEP YOU IN YOUR BEAUTY
SAVE YOU FROM THIS CRUEL WORLD

YOUR FASCINATION STILL PREVAILS
AFTER A DEATH SO UNKIND
NO ONE CAN ERASE YOU NOW
OR ABIDE INSIDE YOUR MIND

WHAT DID YOU REALLY SEE, GIRL
ON THAT FATEFUL, FATAL NIGHT
WHAT HORRORS COULD YOU SPEAK OF
THAT COULD BRING EVERYTHING TO LIGHT

WHO CUT YOU SHORT, MAN
WHEN YOU WERE IN YOUR PRIME
WHO DISFIGURED YOU, GIRL
AND NEVER DID ANY TIME

AND . . .

I'M STILL FEELING BLUE
OVER EACH HALF OF YOU
CAN'T DECIDE WHICH TO HAVE
MAYBE YOUR HEAD OR MAYBE YOUR ASS

I'M CUT IN TWO, GIRL
ALL BECAUSE OF YOU
YOU'RE BLACK AND BLUE
BABY I LOVE YOU

DISMEMBERED (REMEMBERED)
BLACK AS YOUR HAIR
DISMEMBERED (REMEMBERED)
BLACK AS YOUR LAIR
DISMEMBERED (REMEMBERED)
BLACK AS YOUR DRESS
DISMEMBERED (REMEMBERED)
BLACK AS YOUR FATAL CARESS

I WISH I COULD'VE CHANGED YOU
SOMEHOW RE-ARRANGED YOU
BUT YOU HAD TO LOSE YOUR SOUL
CHANGE YOU, RE-ARRANGE YOU
BUT SOMEONE HAD TO LOSE CONTROL

BLACK AS NIGHT
BLACK AS DEATH
NEVER FORGOTTEN
FOREVER BLESSED
(REPEAT TWICE)

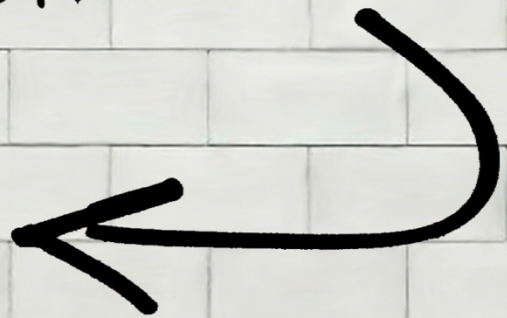
AND I'M STILL CUT UP
OVER YOU

(for e.s.)

ABUSENCE

I'M ALL OUT OF FUCK
I'M ALL OUT OF YOU
THAT'S WHY I KEEP ON BEATING IT
TILL IT'S BLACK AND BLUE
(REPEAT AD INFINITUM, THEN)

NACH DEM ESSEN SOLLST DU RAUCHEN
ODER EINE FRAU GEBRAUCHEN
HAST DU BEIDES NICHT ZUR HAND
BOHR EIN LOCH UND FICK DIE WAND!



SATAN'S GOT A HOLD OF MY HEART AGAIN

(CHORUS)
SATAN'S GOT A HOLD OF MY HEART AGAIN
I DON'T KNOW WHY AND I DON'T KNOW WHEN
NOWADAYS IT SEEMS TO ME
I'LL NEVER BE FREE OF HIS DEVILRY

THOUGHT I'D TURNED MY BACK ON HIS WAYS
LEFT BEHIND ME ALL THOSE MAD BAD DAYS
WHEN I WAS SO INNOCENT AND FREE
NOW HE JUST WON'T LET ME BE

I GOT INTO HIM WHEN I WAS YOUNG
WHEN ALL I WANTED WAS SOME FUN
AND HE JUST CAME ALONG
TAUGHT ME HOW TO BE STRONG

HE PROMISED ME THE EARTH
FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH
SOMETHING TOLD ME IT WAS WRONG
BUT I WAS FORCED TO GO ALONG

(REPEAT CHORUS)

HE LIFTED ME UP WHEN I WAS DOWN
OR WHEN I FELT I COULD DROWN
GAVE ME COURAGE FROM UNDER HIS WINGS
REVEALED TO ME THE SECRETS OF THINGS

THEN HE TOOK ME BY THE HAND
SHOWED ME THIS GREAT, WONDROUS LAND
AND SAID TO ME 'YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL
IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO PLAY BALL
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?'

BUT I NEVER KNEW THE REAL SCORE
PROMISED TO FOLLOW HIM FOR EVER MORE
EVEN IF I GOT LOST ON THE OTHER SIDE
GAVE HIM EVERYTHING, EVEN MY PRIDE
BUT HE ALWAYS CAME BACK FOR MORE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

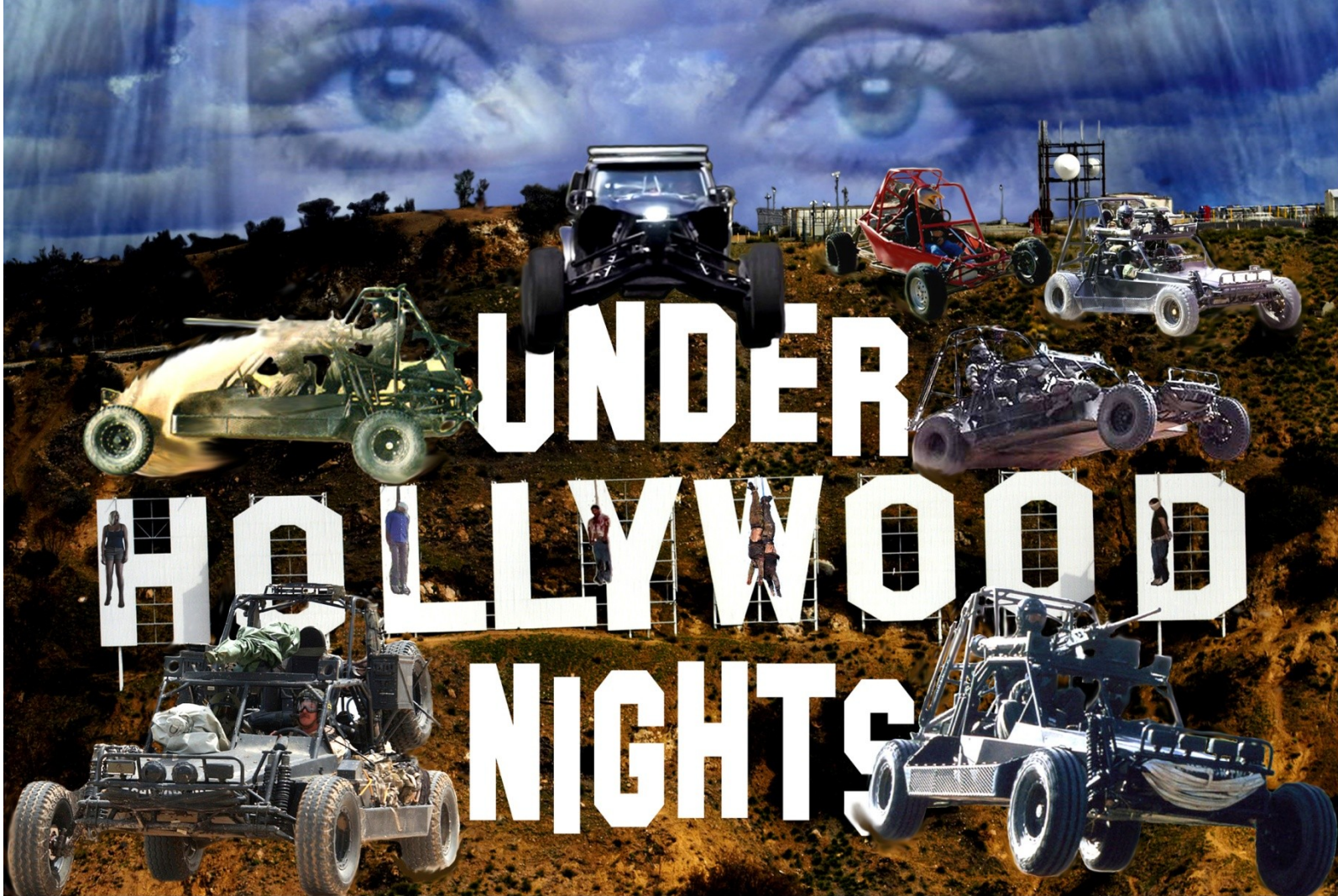
HE NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT A FEE
OR HOW MUCH I'D PAY FOR THIS LUXURY
I WAS FORCED INTO A LIFE OF TEMPTATION
IN WHICH THERE WAS NO REDEMPTION

WE HAD A FIGHT, I MANAGED TO SURVIVE
GOT FREE OF HIM, SOMEHOW STAYED ALIVE
EVEN GOT MYSELF A NEW LIFE
WITH A JOB AND BEAUTIFUL WIFE

NOW HE'S BACK, REFUSES TO LET ME BE
WON'T RELEASE ME FROM HIS DEVILRY
SEEMS THIS STRUGGLE WILL NEVER BE WON
SO WHAT'S THE POINT IN GOING ON?

SATAN GOT A HOLD OF MY HEART
WE WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE APART
AND I KNOW I WILL NEVER BE FREE
FROM THIS DEVILISH LIFE OF MISERY





(CHORUS)
 WE'RE DRIVING THROUGH THE VALLEY
 GOING THROUGH THE VALLEY
 JUST ME AND THE FAMILY
 WE'RE DRIVING THROUGH THE VALLEY
 LOOKING FOR A DARK ALLEY
 TO TAKE OUT MORE STARS TONIGHT

(VERSE)
 WE DRIVE, WE DRIVE, WE DRIVE
 WE DRIVE ALL NIGHT
 DRIVING ALL NIGHT LONG
 DRIVING THROUGH THE VALLEY

(REPEAT CHORUS/VERSE, THEN SPEECH:)

IN HOLLYWOOD THEY GOT STARS. SOME OF THESE STARS NEED TO DIE. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR. THAT'S WHAT WE DO. THAT'S OUR JOB. WE DO IT PROFESSIONAL, MIND, FOR WE WON'T STAND FOR ANY THUGGERY, NOT HERE IN OUR VALLEY. ME AND THE FAMILY, WE LIKE TO DRAG THEM OUT AND CUT 'EM UP OUTSIDE. I REMEMBER THE LAST ONE WE TOOK OUT, THAT ONE SHE SHONE REAL BRIGHT THAT NIGHT, REAL BEAUTIFUL AND ALL, HER HAIR ALL MATTED WITH HER FRESHLY SPILT BLOOD, HER BELLY SWOLLEN WITH CHILD, HER FORGIVING EYES REFLECTING BACK TO ME ALL THE SERENITY OF HER INNER PEACE, TELLING ME ALL KINDS OF STUFF, LIKE HOW SHE HAD REACHED THE EQUIPOISE OF HER LIFE AND NOW IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO MOVE ON TO THE OTHER SIDE. SHE WASN'T WORRIED, NOT ONE BIT, NO. SHE TOLD ME . . .

'DON'T WORRY DARLING, I'M ONLY DYING.'

SHE SAID . . .

SHE SAID . . .

'DYING IS TO FLYING, FLYING IS TO DYING'
 (REPEAT X 3)

'DON'T WORRY DARLING, I'M ONLY DYING.' (REPEAT)

(AT START OF 'DYING IS TO FLYING' ETC., THERE IS A STACCATO EFFECT ON GUITAR, I.E. SEPARATE NOTES, BEFORE BUILDING INTO FULL CHORD, ENDING IN A CRESCENDO, FORTISSIMO, A FULL ON, ALL OUT THRASH, WITH SCREAMING/SHOUTING 'DYING' ETC., BEFORE FALLING BACK INTO CHORD STRUCTURE AT START.)

THEN SHE SAID . . .

'DYING IS TO FLYING, FLYING IS TO DYING'

(REPEAT CHORUS/VERSE)

SHE SAID . . .

'DYING IS TO FLYING, FLYING IS TO DYING'
 (REPEAT X 3)

(CONTAINS MALE/FEMALE VOCALS ALTERNATING, AND DUET)

EVERYTHING IS SHIT

WHO WANTS TO BE A HERO
AND BE FAMOUS FOR IT
WHEN IT WON'T CHANGE A THING
AND NOBODY GIVES A SHIT

I COULD HAVE BEEN A HERO
AND BEEN FAMOUS FOR IT
YET THE WORLD AIN'T WORTH SAVING
WHEN NOBODY GIVES A SHIT

I COULD HAVE BEEN A HERO
GRABBING HOLD OF THE LEVIATHAN
DROWNING HIM IN HIS OWN WASTE
OR KILLING THE GIANT PYTHON
AND WIPING OUT THIS PLACE

WHO WANTS TO BE A HERO
AND BE FAMOUS FOR IT
WHEN THE WORLD AIN'T WORTH SAVING
AND EVERYTHING IS SHIT

I COULD HAVE BEEN A HERO
TAKEN ON HITLER AND HIS CREW
JOINED THE FOREIGN LEGION
EVEN GIVEN MYSELF TO YOU

BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DO THAT
WOULD YOU?

YOU WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A LOOK IN
NOR CHERISH ME WITH YOUR EYES
NO INBETWEEN FOR THE MEANTIME
NEVER MET DEATH BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS

I COULD HAVE BEEN A HERO
BY LOVING YOU WHEN YOU WERE NASTY
EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T REALLY A JEW
I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU LIKE A NAZI
AND FOUND MY SALVATION THROUGH YOU

BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DO THAT
WOULD YOU?

WHO WANTS TO BE A HERO
AND BE FAMOUS FOR IT
WHEN THE WORLD AIN'T WORTH SAVING
AND EVERYTHING IS SHIT

EVERYTHING IS SHIT

EVEN YOU



(OR LAST NIGHT VIAGRA DIDN'T SAVE MY LIFE.)

DON'T WITH YOU

I CAN DO IT IN RUBBER
I CAN DO IT IN LEATHER
I CAN DO IT IN FREEZING COLD WEATHER
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

I CAN DO IT IN ZERO GRAVITY
I CAN DO IT IN OUTER SPACE
I CAN DO IT OFF MY FACE
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

(CHORUS)
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
WHAT WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
I DON'T KNOW

I CAN DO IT WITH A BUDDHIST
I CAN DO IT WITH A HINDU
I CAN DO IT WITH A JEW
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

I CAN DO IT INSIDE OUT
I CAN DO IT UPSIDE DOWN
I CAN DO IT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I CAN DO IT ON SOME ACID
I CAN DO IT ON SOME COKE
I CAN DO IT WITH A SMOKE
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

I CAN DO IT UNDER PRESSURE
I CAN DO IT UNDERWATER
I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR DAUGHTER
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY
I JUST CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU
CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU
CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU, NO

BETTER GET USED TO IT
THERE AIN'T NO DOING IT
NO DOING IT WITH YOU

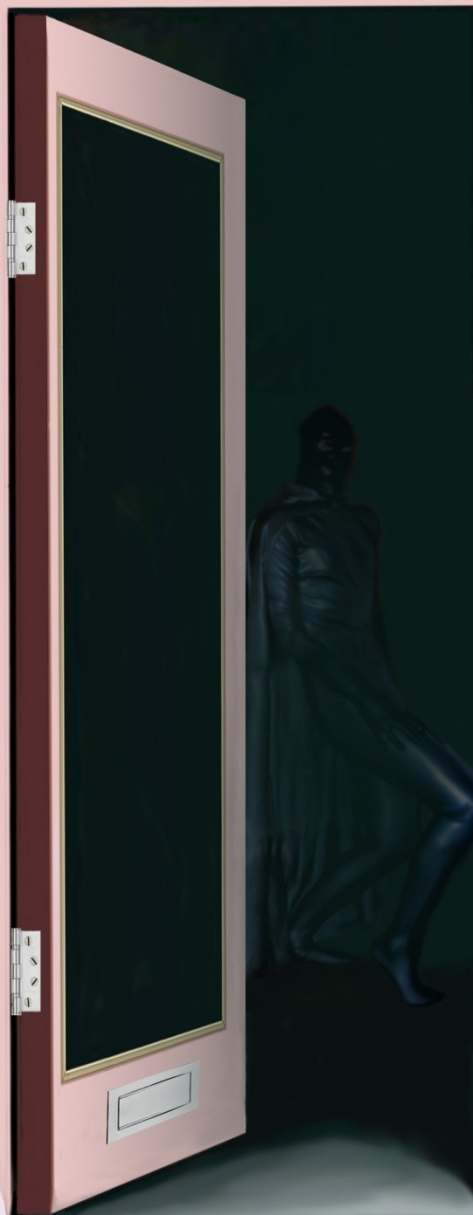
(REPEAT CHORUS)

I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR NEIGHBOUR
I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR DOGGIE
I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR PUSSY
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR SISTER
I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR MOTHER
I CAN DO IT WITH YOUR BROTHER
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU

(REPEAT CHORUS)

IF YOU CAN'T DO IT WITH ME
THEN WHO IS IT GOING TO BE?
I DON'T KNOW



Gunmetal
Gunmetal
Gunmetal

MAKES ME SICK!

Gunmetal
MAKES ME SICK!

Metal
Gun

Metal
Gun



Gunmetal

Gunmetal

Gunmetal

MAKES ME SICK!

SICK! SICK!

Gunmetal

MAKES ME SICK!

SICK! SICK!

SICK!

A Finger Fuck
is just enough
to give your
girl a treat.



COUNTLESS CUNTLESS



COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE AIN'T GOT NO HOLE
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE AIN'T GOT A SOUL

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE AIN'T GOT NO GROOVE
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE DON'T KNOW HOW TO MOVE

WELL, I SAW HER THE OTHER DAY
WHAT WAS IT SHE HAD TO SAY?
SHE OPENED HER MOUTH
NOTHING CAME OUT
THAT'S WHAT SHE'S ALL ABOUT

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE AIN'T GOT NO FIRE
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE KILLS ALL DESIRE

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE AIN'T GOT NO POWER
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE'S JUST A LITTLE FLOWER

WELL, I SAW HER THE OTHER DAY
WHAT WAS IT SHE HAD TO SAY?
SHE OPENED HER MOUTH
NOTHING CAME OUT
THAT'S WHAT SHE'S ALL ABOUT

SHE, SHE REMINDS ME
OF A FECKLESS CHILD
WHO NEVER SLEEPS
BUT ALWAYS DREAMS

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE AIN'T GOT IT
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE'S NOT WORTH IT

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE DON'T EVEN MENSTRUATE
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
SHE'S THE GIRL YOU LOVE TO HATE

WELL, I SAW HER THE OTHER DAY
WHAT WAS IT SHE HAD TO SAY?
SHE OPENED HER MOUTH
NOTHING CAME OUT
THAT'S WHAT SHE'S ALL ABOUT

SHE, SHE REMINDS ME
OF A FECKLESS CHILD
WHO NEVER SLEEPS
BUT ALWAYS DREAMS

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
(ABOMINATE)

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
(WIPEOUT)

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
(DESTROY)

COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
COUNTLESS CUNTLESS
(CEASE TO EXIST)
BANG!



GET YOUR TITS OUT, LET'S PLAY
THEN I, I MUST BE ON MY WAY
BUT FIRST I GOT
I GOT ONE MORE THING TO SAY

I MAYBE STUPID
I MAYBE DUMB
BUT AT LEAST I KNOW HOW TO COME

(CHORUS)

SLEEP WITH ME
SLEEP WITH ME NOW
SLEEP WITH ME
SLEEP WITH ME NOW
SLEEP WITH ME
SLEEP WITH ME NOW
IF JUST FOR AN HOUR

I'M OLD
LIFE AIN'T GETTING EASIER
I'M STORED
AND I'M FEELING QUEASIER
YOU'RE BOLD
BUT SO MUCH PRETTIER

WE'RE ON OUR SIXTH ROW
LET'S MAKE IT OUR LUCKY SEVEN
WE'LL GRAB OUR GUNS
AND SHOOT OUR WAY TO HEAVEN

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I'M BORED
LORELI'ESS IS CREEPING IN
I'M COLD
AND I'M LOOKING THIR
YOU'RE WARM
FEELING SO GOOD NEXT TO MY SKIN

YOU SHOULD SUBMIT NOW
LIE BACK AND OPEN WIDE
I'M COMING IN NOW
JUST SWALLOW ME DEEP INSIDE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

SLEEP WITH ME
RIGHT
NOW

PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING

SHE PROMISED TO SHOW IT TO ME ONE DAY
I NEVER DID BELIEVE HER, I MUST SAY
BUT WHEN SHE DID
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT
IT WAS PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING
(PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING)

SHE KEPT STRINGING ME ALONG
SINGING THAT SAME OLD SONG
SAYING I COULD BE ASSURED
A GLIMPSE WOULD BE MY REWARD

BUT I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE
HER ATTITUDE WAS SUCH A BORE
SOMETHING I COULD IGNORE
AND SOMETHING TO ABHORE

I NEVER BELIEVED HER
BUT WHEN SHE DID
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT
IT WAS PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING
(PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING)

I WISH SHE WOULDN'T PLAY WITH ME THIS WAY
TELLING ME IT'S NOT GONNA BE TODAY
YET I MIGHT BE IN LUCK TOMORROW NIGHT
IF I LEARNED TO PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT

BUT I'M NOT A PATIENT GUY
AND I HATE IT WHEN SHE LIES
HER POWER-TRIP DOESN'T PLEASE ME
WHEN ALL SHE DOES IS TEASE ME

NOW I BELIEVE HER
FOR WHEN SHE FINALLY DID
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT
IT WAS PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING
(PRETTY MUCH SOMETHING)

AND IT WAS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR

GOLDEN

CRUTCH

(CHORUS)

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT
I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE
GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN CRUTCH

SHE USED TO . . .
MASTURBATE ME (OOOH OOOH)
PENETRATE ME (OOOH OOOH)
DEFECATE ON ME (OOOH OOOH)
ALL THE TIME

SHE USED TO . . .
LAUGH ABOUT IT (AAAH HAAA)
SING AND SHOUT IT (AAAH HAAA)
TALK ABOUT IT (AAAH HAAA)
TO EVERYONE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

AND ...
(MIDDLE 8)
IT'S PLAIN TO SEE
THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE
BEYOND HER PRETTY FACE
AND VACANT SMILE
BUT OCCASIONALLY
SHE'D BE GOOD TO ME
SHE'D EVEN GO DOWN ON ME
ONCE IN A WHILE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I WAS ALWAYS . . .
WALKING ON WATER
SLEEPING ON GLASS
BUT ONLY IN HEAVEN
WHEN I WAS UP HER ASS

AND IT SEEMS TO ME
THERE AIN'T NOTHING TO SEE
BEYOND A PRETTY FACE
AND VACANT SMILE
BUT OCCASIONALLY
SHE'D BE GOOD TO ME
AND EVEN GO DOWN ON ME
ONCE IN A WHILE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

AND WHAT A CRUTCH!

(AD LIB TO END, E.G. . .)

WOW, IT MUST HAVE BEEN MADE OUT OF
REAL GOLD, AND COVERED IN PRECIOUS
STONES LIKE DIAMONDS, RUBIES AND
EMERALDS, THAT WERE SO BRIGHT AND
SHINING WITH A BRILLIANT LIGHT I
COULD BARELY BEHOLD IT, AND THAT
SHE WAS BESTOWING ON ME A SPECIAL
GIFT BY ALLOWING ME TO EVEN SO
MUCH AS LOOK AT IT. I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN GRATEFUL, I SUPPOSE, FOR NOT
EVERYONE GOT TO SEE HER SPECIAL
CRUTCH . . .



MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD



IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT
AND I'M UP INSIDE HER AGAIN
BUT I ONLY LOVE HER
WHEN SHE IS MY FRIEND

SHE'S GOT THE LEGS OF A BEAUTY QUEEN
LONG AND SMOOTH AND REALLY LEAN
BUT SHE CAN BE REALLY MEAN
WHEN SHE WON'T OPEN THEM FOR ME

(CHORUS)

THEN I MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD
I SAID I MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD

IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT
AND WE'RE ON THE TOWN
IT'S JUST A GAME
SHE LIKES TO PLAY AROUND

BUT IT'S A BET IF WE'LL GET IT ON
LATER WHEN WE'RE BACK AT HOME
SHE MAY EVEN LEAVE ME ON MY OWN
AND I'LL HAVE NO ONE TO BONE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

IT'S SUNDAY NIGHT
AND I'M FEELING FINE
I WISH SHE COULD BE HERE
WITH ME ALL THE TIME

BUT SHE HAS TO GO BACK HOME TONIGHT
WON'T SEE HER AGAIN FOR ANOTHER NIGHT
THEN WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE A FIGHT
AND SO IT WILL START ALL OVER AGAIN

(REPEAT CHORUS)



TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
ALL IN A ROW
NINE OF THEM SUCK
ONE OF THEM BLOWS
(WHICH ONE IS SHE
NO ONE KNOWS
SUCK IT AND SEE IT
AS THE SAYING GOES)

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
WHO DON'T WANNA FUCK
TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
WHOD RATHER MAKE A BUCK

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
MESSING WITH MY SCHEMES
TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
GOT ME CREAMING IN MY JEANS

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
SITTING ON A WALL
NINE LIKE TO PLAY
ONLY ONE LIKES TO BALL

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
ALL TRYING TO PLEASE
ONE LIKES TO STRIP
NINE LIKE TO TEASE

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
LOOKING FOR SOME TREASURE
NINE IN THE WRONG PLACE
ONLY ONE LIKES TO PLEASURE
TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
WITH NICE LITTLE TITLES
ALL OF THEM BIGGER
THAN MY LITTLE MITTIES

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
ALL NICE AND TIGHT
ONE LIKES TO BARK
THE OTHERS LIKE TO BITE

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
LOOKING FOR A KISS
ONLY ONE'S ON TARGET
THE OTHERS JUST MISS

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
WHO NEED A GOOD POKE
THIS WOULD BE FUNNY
IF IT WASN'T A JOKE

TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT
TEN LITTLE GIRLIES
WE CAN WELL DO WITHOUT



BOUNDLESS LOVE

I STICK YOUR HEAD IN A VICE
I SQUEEZE IT TIGHT TILL YOU LOOK NICE
I FEED YOUR BODY WITH DISEASE
YOU'RE MY LITTLE PLAYTHING
TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE

(CHORUS)
YOU'RE NOT DEAD
YOU'RE NOT ALIVE
YOU'RE JUST EXISTING
UNTIL I DECIDE
TO DROP YOU LIKE A GLOVE
THIS IS THE PRICE OF OUR TRUE LOVE

I PUT YOUR NECK IN A NOOSE
I PULL YOU UP, I CUT YOU LOOSE
I DANGLE YOU FROM THE HIGHEST BEAMS
OUR LOVE IS BOUNDLESS OR SO IT SEEMS

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I'M WASHING YOUR BODY IN THE BATH
I'M LAUGHING WHILE YOU'RE DYING FAST
I'M THINKING OF MORE THINGS I COULD DO TO YOU
WHILE YOU'RE LYING THERE ALL BLACK & BLUE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I SPIT UPON YOUR VELVET MOUND
I WHIP YOUR FLESH BY THE POUND
I'M DOING ALL THE THINGS I WANNA DO WITH YOU
WHY AM I DOING THIS, COS MY LOVE IS TRUE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I SHOVE MY FIST RIGHT UP YOUR ASS
I KNOW IT DOESN'T HURT YOU
'COS YOU'VE GOT NO CLASS
I PULL IT OUT AND YOUR INTESTINES TOO
I'M FEELING GREAT BUT HOW ABOUT YOU

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I KILLED YOU ONCE, KILLED YOU TWICE
THERE'S NO STOPPING ME, IT MUST BE A VICE
I CARVED MY INITIALS IN YOUR BACK
STUFFED YOUR MOUTH, STUFFED YOUR CRACK
I'M COMING DOWN SO DOWN ON YOU
OUR LOVE IS BOUNDLESS COS IT'S SO TRUE

(REPEAT CHORUS TWICE)

THE PRICE OF OUR TRUE LOVE





[SPOKEN INTRO]
 WITH FINGER AND THUMB
 I CAN MAKE YOU COME
 WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD
 I CAN MAKE YOU DEAD



YOUR HANDS ARE TIED
 YOUR MIND HAS DIED
 YOU'RE LOST ON A SEA OF ECSTASY
 WHERE ALL IS WHAT'S MEANT TO BE
 YOU'RE ONLY DYING PRETTY



FEEL THE WHIP ACROSS YOUR BACK
 YOU LOVE TO HEAR IT WHEN IT CRACKS
 GETTING HIGH ON THE SMELL OF LEATHER
 DROWNING IN THE SWEAT OF RUBBER



EMBRACING EACH MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE
 CUTTING INTO YOUR FLESH LIKE A KNIFE
 LOST IN A WILDERNESS OF PAIN
 WILL IT EVER BE FOUND AGAIN

YOUR HANDS ARE TIED
 YOUR MIND HAS DIED
 YOU'RE LOST ON A SEA OF ECSTASY
 WHERE ALL IS WHAT'S MEANT TO BE
 YOU'RE ONLY DYING PRETTY



DELIVER YOURSELF TO THE FIRE
 AS YOU SUBMIT TO YOUR DESIRE
 THIS MOMENT WILL LAST FOREVER
 THE PLEASURE NEVER ENDING. NEVER

HOLD ONTO THIS FERVOUR
 HARDER. BEAR EACH RAPTURE
 EACH EXQUISITE KISS
 EACH BITTERSWEET BLISS




YOUR HANDS ARE TIED
 YOUR MIND HAS DIED
 YOU'RE LOST ON A SEA OF ECSTASY
 WHERE ALL IS WHAT'S MEANT TO BE
 YOU'RE ONLY DYING PRETTY

FEEL THE TENSION OF THE CHAINS
 AS THE PAIN SINGS IN YOUR VEINS
 YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE SENSATION
 RISING HIGHER WITH EACH PULSATION



[SPOKEN OUTRO]
 ONLY MASOCHISTS
 ARE
 PRETTY





FUCK-A-RAMA

BURN DOWN ALL THE RULES IF I COULD

SCREW EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

THIS IS FUCK-A-RAMA

RIP UP ALL THE RULE BOOKS

TEAR DOWN THE SHITTY LOOKS

THIS IS FUCK-A-RAMA

HEY, HEY, HEY

I CAN KEEP IT UP FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE

HEY, HEY, HEY

KEEP DOING IT FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT

TO ALL THE PRUDES THAT WE ALL HATE

BETTER FUCK OFF BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

TURN ON ANYONE WHEREVER YOU GO

GO DOWN ON THOSE WHO COME TOO SLOW

THIS IS FUCK-A-RAMA

I DREAM OF ALL THE THINGS I COULD DO WITH YOU

I'LL NEVER GIVE UP UNTIL THEY ALL COME TRUE

THIS IS FUCK-A-RAMA

RUBBER DOLLS, THE LEATHER AND CHAINS,

KY GEL AND THE DICKS WITH NO BRAINS,

LAP DANCING BARS AND THE STRIP CLUBS,

DOING IT FOR THE MONEY,

THE SEX & THE DRUGS,

HOOKERS WITH THEIR PIMPS,

PRICK-QUEENS AND PORNO-MODELS IN DIRTY MAGAZINES,

BODIES BARE AND NAKED,

DOING IT IN WAY OUT PLACES.

ALL THIS WILL NEVER FADE

FOR THERE'LL ALWAYS BE

FRESH FLESH FOR FANTASY

THIS IS FUCK-A-RAMA

THIS IS FUCK-A-RAMA, RAMA, RAMA, RAMA

OH YEAH, ALRIGHT

FUCK-A-RAMA

EVIL EYE



SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE ON ME
SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE, EYE, EYE
SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE ON ME
AND IT HURTS

FIXATED
FASCINATED
I'M TRANSFIXED IN HER GLARE

MANIPULATED
CASTRATED
ALL I CAN DO IS STARE

SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE ON ME
SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE, EYE, EYE
SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE ON ME
AND IT HURTS



FIXATED
FASCINATED
I'M TRANSFIXED IN HER GLARE

MANIPULATED
CASTRATED
ALL I CAN DO IS STARE

SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE ON ME
SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE, EYE, EYE
SHE'S GOT THE EVIL EYE ON ME
AND IT HURTS

AND IT HURTS

CONFESSIO

of a DUSKY- EAGER

I CONFESS, I MUST DIGRESS
IF THERE'S ONE THING EATING ME
IT'S BEATING OFF PERPETVALLY
IN HER DRESS, YES

MY FINGERS FEEL BETWEEN HER THIGHS
MY SMILE IS DROWNING IN HER EYES
I KEEP COMING UP FOR AIR
AFTER TASTING FLESH, TASTING HAIR
BREATHING IN HER SCENTED PERFUMES
I'M SOON INTOXICATED ON HER FUMES

MY TONGVE LAPS UP THE NECTAR
AS IT FLOWS FROM HER LIPS
HER PETALS ARE FULL
AND RIPE AS I SIP
THE JUICES AS THEY FLOW
LIKE A BEE TO A FLOWER
I KEEP COMING BACK FOR MORE
BEYOND SATIETY AND FULLNESS
THERE IS NO SURFEIT IN MORENESS

HER LABIA-WINGS UNFOLD AT MY TOUCH
THEY OPEN UP TO ALLOW MY TONGVE
TO DIP INTO HER SECRET GROOVE
I'M ON THE PROWL, I'M ON THE MOVE
ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR EXQUISITE SIGHTS
FURTHER BOUNDLESS EXOTIC DELIGHTS

MY TONGVE SLITHERS IN THE AIR
PICKING UP SCENTS OH SO RARE
CARRIED TO MY BACK-BRAIN
SIGNALS REELING ROUND AGAIN
FILTERED AND SIFTED
TILL THE TARGET IS SIGHTED
I SLITHER IN CLOSER TO
QUAFF AT THE HONEYSUCKLE DEW
AND FIND MY FULFILMENT IN YOU



PUSSY TALK

HER PUSSY LIES OVER THE OCEAN
HER PUSSY LIES OVER THE SEA
HER PUSSY GOT HERSELF A NOTION
WHEN SHE SHOULD BE COMING OVER ME

HER LITTLE PUSSY WENT TO MARKET
THEN HER PUSSY WENT UP THE STREET
SHE HAD TO BUY A LOAF OF BREAD
BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T GET ANY MEAT

PUSSY TALKING PUSSY TALK
ALL IT WANTS TO DO IS TALK
WHEN IT STARTS TALKING
ALL YOU CAN DO IS WALK

HER PUSSY CAN'T BE SATISFIED
NO MATTER HOW HARD WE'VE TRIED
IT'LL KEEP BEGGING US FOR MORE
UNTIL WE CAN'T GET IT UP ANYMORE

THEN IT'LL GO ELSEWHERE TO SCORE
LIKE A CHEAP DIRTY LITTLE WHORE
WHEN EACH ONE OF US HAS TRIED & DIED
IT WON'T BE QUIET UNTIL IT'S SATISFIED

PUSSY TALKING PUSSY TALK
ALL IT WANTS TO DO IS TALK
IT WON'T STOP TALKING
SO ALL YOU CAN DO IS WALK

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

'Wake up, you son of a bitch. I said wake up.'

'Spread your legs. I said spread 'em.'

'Don't listen to her. She's a real cunt.'

'We went out to get fucked in some porno theatre.'

'I wanna fuck.'

'We're going on Operation Hard-on.'

'I don't bite, you know.'

'Go on, I like it.'

'Take your filthy hand away.'

'I'll chew your head off.'

'He'll never get it up again. Come here and finish me off.'

'I want some air. My god, a nylon chastity belt.'

'Let's face it, baby, you just like pussy.'

'Wham bam, thank you, mam.'

'Play with the titties. They're not as fussy as I am.'

'Leave it open. It's suffocating in here.'

'Come closer. You gonna fuck me or not?'

'OK, now fuck me, good-looking.'

'I wanna fuck. Do you understand?'

'Lesson One. Get it up.'

'Don't touch me.'

PUSSY MEDLEY

HERE PUSSY PUSSY
COME COME
HERE PUSSY PUSSY
YUM YUM

PUSSY PUSSY YUM YUM

WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
THE DAMN THING GONE WILD, BAM-A-LAM
IT'S GONNA HAVE A CHILD, BAM-A-LAM
COS IT'S GAPING WIDE, BAM-A-LAM
WITH A WINK AND A SMILE, BAM-A-LAM
I SAID OH BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
THE THING GETS ME HIGH, BAM-A-LAM
IT'S GONNA BLOW YOUR MIND, BAM-A-LAM
IT'S ALWAYS OPEN FOR BUSINESS, BAM-A-LAM
IT'S ALWAYS LOOKS DELICIOUS, BAM-A-LAM
WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM
WHOA, BLACK PUSSY, BAM-A-LAM

A FINGER FUCK IS JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE YOUR GIRL A TREAT
A FINGER FUCK IS JUST ENOUGH WHEN IT'S TIME TO BEAT
IT'S JUST THE RIGHT LENGTH AND SHAPE AND ALSO DISCRETE
A FINGER FUCK IS JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE YOUR GIRL A TREAT

BOY THIS BOG SURE DOES PONG
IT'S SMELLS JUST LIKE JENNY'S FANNY

YOUR VAGINITIS WILL NEVER UNITE US
YOUR FRIGIDITY WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME

FUCK HOLE, SUCK HOLE, BLACK HOLE, SWALLOW YOU WHOLE,
SLICE OF HEAVEN, FLESH CAVERN, DEEP SOCKET, COCK POCKET,
LOVEBOX, SUCK COX, JUICE BOX, FUR BURGER, FRESH MINGE,
BEARDED FRINGE, EAGER BEAVER, POOR MAN'S LEVER, THATCHED
SNATCH, FRESH CATCH, FUN HATCH, STENCH-TRENCH, SPLIT DICK,
CHOP STICK, LICK N' STICK, JEZEBEL'S SMELL, TINKER BELL,
POOTER ROOTER, COOKIE, NOOKIE, TONI'S YONI, SPASM CHASM,
SCRAMBLED EGGS BETWEEN THE LEGS, HONEY POT, CUNNY SWOT,
SPUNK-POT, HOT SPOT, CLIT SLIT, MIT FIT, BALD BISCUIT, COCKPIT, OLD
CATCHER'S MITT, KITTY KAT, POODY TAT, BEARDED CLAM, RACK OF HAM,
SOUTH MOUTH, NICE SLICE, FISH DISH, CATFISH, KNISH, WOOLY BOLLY, OLD
MAN'S JOLLY, LOVE TUNNEL, SILK FUNNEL, CUCUMBER CANAL, CLAM CANAL,

CUNTILICIOUS
LOOK AT THAT CUNT
IS IT RESISTING
IS IT RESISTING
NO

LOOK AT THAT CUNT
IS IT INSISTING
IS IT INSISTING
YES

FLASH THE CASH
FOR SOME CASH
AND I'LL BE RIGHT BACK

DRAWING HER CUNT ALL OVER ME
I SHALL GO DOWN IN HISTORY
AS THE FIRST MAN TO EJACULATE IN SPACE
THE FIRST TO SPAWN AN ALIEN RACE
THE FIRST TO DISAPPEAR INTO INFINITY

FOR AN EASY  CALL JENNY ON 07812869222

CUNT WAS
CUNT IS
CUNT SHALL ALWAYS BE MINE

← WELL USED, LIKE
JENNY'S VAGINA

CUNT WAS
CUNT IS
CUNT SHALL ALWAYS BE FINE

CUNT WAS
CUNT IS
CUNT SHALL ALWAYS BE DIVINE

← THIS TOILET SEAT HAS SEEN MORE PUSSY
THAN I'VE HAD HOT DINNERS

COOSE CANAL, ERIE CANAL, DICK EATER, HER PONCHITA, BITCH
DITCH, NUN'S ITCH, DEEP CHOOT, GOOP CHUTE, SLICE OF HEAVEN,
PUTTER'S SEVEN, COCK-CHAFER, TONGUE WAFER, FUZZY WUZZY,
ROUND MOUND, PARADISE FOUND, HAIRY POTTER, DICK SWATTER,
BREAD-BOX, PANDORA'S BOX, RED BREAD, PARSON'S POX, PUSHIN
CUSHION, WELLY TOP, BELLY FLOP, CRAVE CAVE, COCK CAVE, CUM
CRAVER, BUNNY TUFT, CUNNY LUFT, STINK RINK, KITCHEN SINK,
DEEP PINK, PINK MINK, BUBBLE GUM BY THE BUM, CUM STOPPER,
PARTY BOPPER, HAPPY FLAPPY, SAPPY NAPPY, CLAP TRAP, WEINER WRAP,
DILDO HOTEL, SOURCE OF SMELL, DICK RACK, THICK CRACK, SLURPEE
MACHINE, FURRY BEAN, PYTHON SYPHON, SNAKE LAKE, POUND CAKE, FLAPPED
BAP, HAPPY SAP, SPERM BANK, DICK YANK, ONE-EYED PYTHON TRAIL, ETC.



**I AM YOUR FUCKHEAD, BABY
AND I WANT TO MAKE YOU COME
I'M YOUR WALKING DILDO
DESIGNED FOR YOUR FUCKING FUN**

**WHY DON'T YOU TEST-DRIVE ME
TAKE ME FOR A LONG, LONG RIDE
THE NIGHT IS OURS FOR PLEASURE
LAY BACK, RELAX AND OPEN WIDE**

**HERE WE GO AGAIN
IT'S ANOTHER BORING SATURDAY NIGHT
NO ONE WANTS TO KNOW US
WHY CAN'T WE GET IT RIGHT
SELF-PLEASURE AT YOUR LEISURE
TAKE ME DEEP INSIDE
HOLD ME, TWIST ME, FIST ME
I AM ALL YOURS, YOURS TONIGHT**

(CHORUS)

**I'M YOUR LITTLE FUCKHEAD, BABY
(FUCKHEAD, FUCKHEAD, FUCKHEAD)
I'M YOUR LITTLE FUCKHEAD, BABY
(FUCKHEAD, FUCKHEAD, FUCKHEAD)
AND I AM ALL YOURS TONIGHT**

**YOU KNOW ONE LUST FEEDS ANOTHER
THAT'S WHY WE'RE SO GOOD TOGETHER
EMBRIDLED ON A MERRY-GO ROUND OF PAIN
AND HERE WE GO BACK ROUND AGAIN
YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD LOOKER
EVEN THOUGH YOU DRESS LIKE A HOOKER
BUT I THINK YOU'D LOOK EVEN BETTER
IF YOU WERE A REAL GO-GETTER**

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(MIDDLE EIGHT)

**I'M NOT A PERVERT FROM A DARK PLACE
OR AN ALIEN FROM OUTER SPACE
I'M JUST A BULLET
YOU'RE MY TARGET
MY AIM IS TRUE
ZEROING IN ON YOU**

AND I'M ONE INCH CLOSER TO DEATH

**I AM YOUR FUCKHEAD, BABY
AND I WANT TO MAKE YOU COME
I'M YOUR WALKING DILDO
DESIGNED FOR YOUR FUCKING FUN
(REPEAT CHORUS)**



MASTURBATOR HATER



porn★

< 1 I WANNA BE A PORNSTAR
< 2 I WANNA BE A SUPERSTAR
< 3 I'M GONNA GO FAR
< 4 EVEN IF IT (FUCKING) KILLS ME

< 5 DONT WANNA BE AN ANDROID
< 6 DONT WANNA BE DESTROYED
< 7 NO, I'M NOT PARANOID
< 8 BUT THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME

< 9 YOU KNOW SOMETIMES THINGS DONT WORK OUT
< 10 QUITE THE WAY YOU THINK THEY SHOULD
< 11 THAT'S WHY I'M DOSSING DOWN IN POVERTY ROW
< 12 WHEN I SHOULD BE LIVING IT UP IN HOLLYWOOD

< 13 I WANNA BE A SPORTSTAR
< 14 I WANNA BE A MEGASTAR
< 15 MY NAME WILL REACH FAR
< 16 YOU WONT BE ABLE TO IGNORE ME

< 17 DONT WANNA BE A HOMO
< 18 DONT WANNA BE A HETRO
< 19 I'M GOING TO GO SOLO
< 20 AND YOU WONT BE ABLE TO STOP ME

(REPEAT CHORUS)

< 21 I THINK I MISSED THE PLOT A LONG
< 22 LONG, LONG TIME AGO
< 23 SO DONT YOU CONFUSE ME
< 24 ANYMORE

(REPEAT CHORUS)

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

SWAGBAG

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

AT THE END OF THE DAY
IT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO KEEP A SLAGBAG
LIKE YOU

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

AT THE END OF THE DAY
ALL I CAN SAY
THERE'S ONLY ONE HAGBAG
LIKE YOU

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

AT THE END OF THE DAY
I REFUSE TO PAY
FOR A RAGBAG
LIKE YOU

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG
ME AND MY SHAGBAG
YOU IN MY SHAGBAG

AT THE END OF THE DAY
WHO WANTS TO PLAY
WITH A SADBAG
LIKE YOU





IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO

I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'

I GOTTA DO A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU

ON YOU, ON YOU
AND I'M STILL COMING THROUGH TO YOU

IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO

I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'

I GOTTA DO A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
ON YOU, ON YOU, AND IT'S TRUE
I'M STILL COMING THROUGH TO YOU

IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO

IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO

I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'

I GOTTA DO A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU

ON YOU, ON YOU
AND I'M STILL COMING THROUGH
I'M STILL COMING THROUGH
I'M STILL COMING THROUGH TO YOU

FLICKING AT YOUR EYEBALL.
FLICKING AT YOUR EYEBALL.
FLICKING AT YOUR EYEBALL.
FLICKING AT YOUR EYEBALL.

IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO
IT'S FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT ONE THING TO DO

I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'
I GOT'


I GOTTA DO A MINDFUCK ON YOU
A MINDFUCK ON YOU, ON YOU
AND I'M STILL COMING THROUGH
STILL COMING THROUGH, STILL COMING THROUGH
TO YOU, TO YOU, IT'S TRUE

THE MAN AND A CAN

SATISFACTION CANNOT GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS!

You've heard of *Sex in a Can* before, but you ain't seen nothing like this.

Gents, ever been caught on the hop? You just had to do it but there was no one around, not even a cheap whore to help get you off. Well, not anymore. With the SexCan you can, any time, any place, anywhere.

 It looks like an ordinary can of drink, made of aluminium, with a traditional pull-tab (also known colloquially as a "ring-pull"). It even feels the same, with an equivalent weight of any drink-filled can. But wait!

With one pull of the tab, the genie is let out of the bottle, and in seconds out pops your fully inflated rubber doll ready for use. All three orifices are anatomically correct and fully lubricated. Once she has served her purpose, all you have to do is remove the plug at the back of her head afterwards and she deflates in seconds, shrivelling back to the original size of the can where she can be returned and neatly disposed of.

No mess.

NOTE: Made from THC,
a durable, fully synthetic
rubber with flesh-like
qualities and texture.

No waste. No leaks. No worries.

Just fun, fun, fun!

At a pound a pop, this is the cheapest alternative to self-satisfaction you will find anywhere, with each can colour-coded to suit all preferences. Choose from four:



BLACK

BLACK HOLE



PINK

TEENY POPPER



YELLOW

CHINA DOLL



WHITE

PARTY BOPPER

And for your discretion, you will find our vending machines everywhere, conveniently located at petrol stations, train stations, on the underground, football stadiums, hairdressers, washrooms, etc.



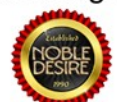
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=



When you need a quick fix,
just look for this sign



the sign of Quality Products.

FROM
NOBLE DESIRE,
INTRODUCING
THE ALL
NEW
*Sex
Can*
A
CAN WITH
A DIFFERENCE



AC IN

HE WAS THE ANTICHRIST

HE WAS AN ANARCHIST

HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

KNEW HOW TO GET IT

HE WANTED TO DESTROY

CHRISTIANITY

THAT'S WHY I I WANNA BE

ALEISTER CROWLEY

NOT JUST ANYBODY

AC FOR THE UK

COMING LIKE A MESSIAH, MAYBE

GIVE HIM THE TIME

HE COULD STOP THE LIE

HIS FUTURE DREAM WAS CROWLEYANITY

THAT'S WHY I I WANNA BE

ALEISTER CROWLEY

BETTER BELIEVE ME

(INSERT 'THE POET' EXCERPT)

THE UK

THERE ARE MANY WAYS

TO GET WHAT YOU WANT

HE USED THE BEST

HE FUCKED THE REST

HE WAS THE ENEMY

OF FUCKING CHRISTIANITY

THAT'S WHY I I WANNA BE

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE ONLY ONE TO BE

(INSERT 'THE POET' EXCERPT)

HE THOUGHT HE WAS THE GREAT BEAST

HE THOUGHT HE WAS AN ANCIENT PRIEST

BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A HEDONIST

COS HE FUCKED THIS

HE FUCKED THAT

HE FUCKED EVERY FUCKING TWAT

AND NOT JUST ANOTHER CUNT

IN THIS COUNTRY (CUNT-TREE)

BUT OTHER COUNTRIES (CUNT-TREES)

THAT'S WHY I I WANNA BE

ALEISTER CROWLEY

AND I I WANNA BE AC

KNOW WHAT I MEAN

AND I I WANNA BE AC

GET PISSED

BE IPSISSIMUS

WANT TO

*I WANT TO FUCK YOU IN THE SUMMER
I WANT TO FUCK YOU IN THE SOUTH
I WANT TO FUCK YOU IN YOUR ANUS
I WANT TO FUCK YOU IN YOUR MOUTH*

*I WANT TO KEEP ON DOING IT
FOREVER AND ANON AND ANEW
WHILST THE WORLD STILL TURNS
AS NO ONE GETS ME HARD LIKE YOU*

*I WANT TO KEEP THE FLAMES BURNING
AND WE'LL TURN THE EARTH BLUE
WITH OUR HEAT AND OUR PASSION
AND SEE THE LOVE POURING OUT OF YOU*

*I WANT TO RAISE YOU HIGH
TO THE PINNACLE OF OUR LOVE
FROM THE DEEPEST OCEANS
TO THE VERY HEAVENS ABOVE*

*I WANT TO SATISFY YOU
AND FILL YOU WITH MY LUST
EACH AND EVERY MOMENT
FROM DUSK UNTIL DUSK*

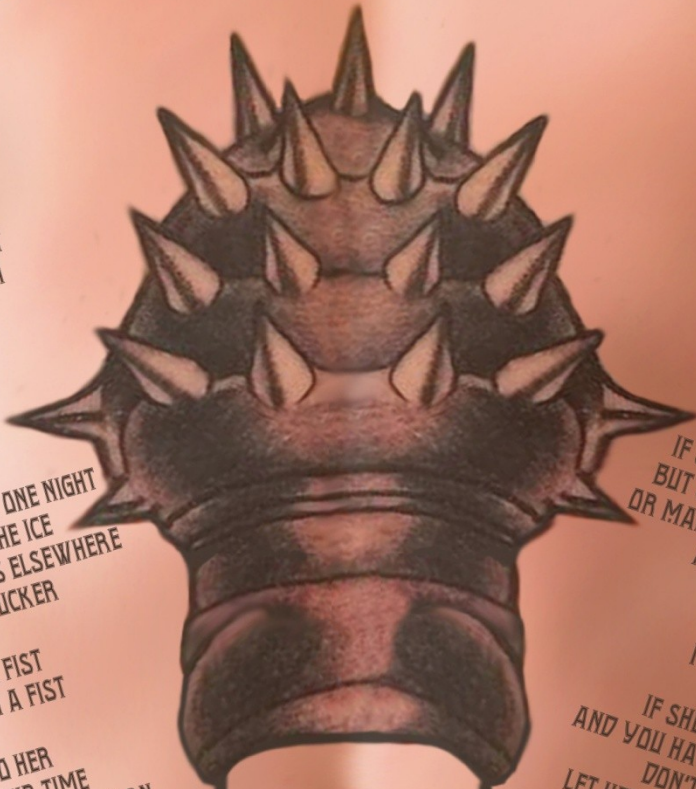
I WANT TO . . .

**TWICE AROUND GIRL
CALCULATING CUTIE
HIGH REV REBELS
plus
SIZZLING FICTION
DARING ARTICLES**

**THE BOLDEST
PIN-UPS IN
PUBLISHING
HISTORY!**



SEAL IT WITH A FIST



IF YOU TAKE HER BACK ONE NIGHT
FOR WHAT SHOULD BE SOME FUN
BUT SHE CHANGES THE GAME
WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED

THEN SEAL IT WITH A FIST
I SAID; SEAL IT WITH A FIST

IF YOU BUY HER A DRINK ONE NIGHT
BY WAY OF BREAKING THE ICE
AND AFTERWARDS GOES ELSEWHERE
TO FIND SOME OTHER SUCKER

THEN SEAL IT WITH A FIST
I SAID; SEAL IT WITH A FIST

IF YOU ARE NICE TO HER
BY GIVING HER YOUR TIME
BUT YOU GET NOTHING IN RETURN
EXCEPT A SHITTY EXCUSE TO LEAVE

THEN SEAL IT WITH A FIST
I SAID; SEAL IT WITH A FIST

IF YOU BUY HER A MEAL
THINKING YOU'RE GONNA SCORE
BUT SHE SAYS SHE CAN'T TONIGHT
BECAUSE IT'S THAT TIME OF MONTH

THEN SEAL IT WITH A FIST
I SAID; SEAL IT WITH A FIST

IF SHE OPENS HER LEGS FOR OTHERS
BUT SHE WON'T OPEN THEM FOR YOU
OR MAKES OUT YOU'RE BENEATH HER
AND SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU

THEN SEAL IT WITH A FIST
I SAID; SEAL IT WITH A FIST

IF SHE TAKES YOU FOR A RIDE
AND YOU HAVE WASTED YOUR TIME
DON'T BE NICE TO HER AGAIN
LET HER KNOW WHAT THE SCORE IS

BY SEALING IT WITH A FIST
I SAID; SEAL IT WITH A FIST

SECRET SUCCESSES

TELL ME WHAT YOUR SECRET IS
(TELL ME WHAT YOUR SECRET IS)
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR
(WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR)
YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND
(YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND)
BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO CHOOSE IT

GET YOUR COCKS OUT
(GET YOUR COCKS OUT)
GET 'EM HARD NOW
(GET 'EM HARD NOW)
AND PARTY ON DOWN

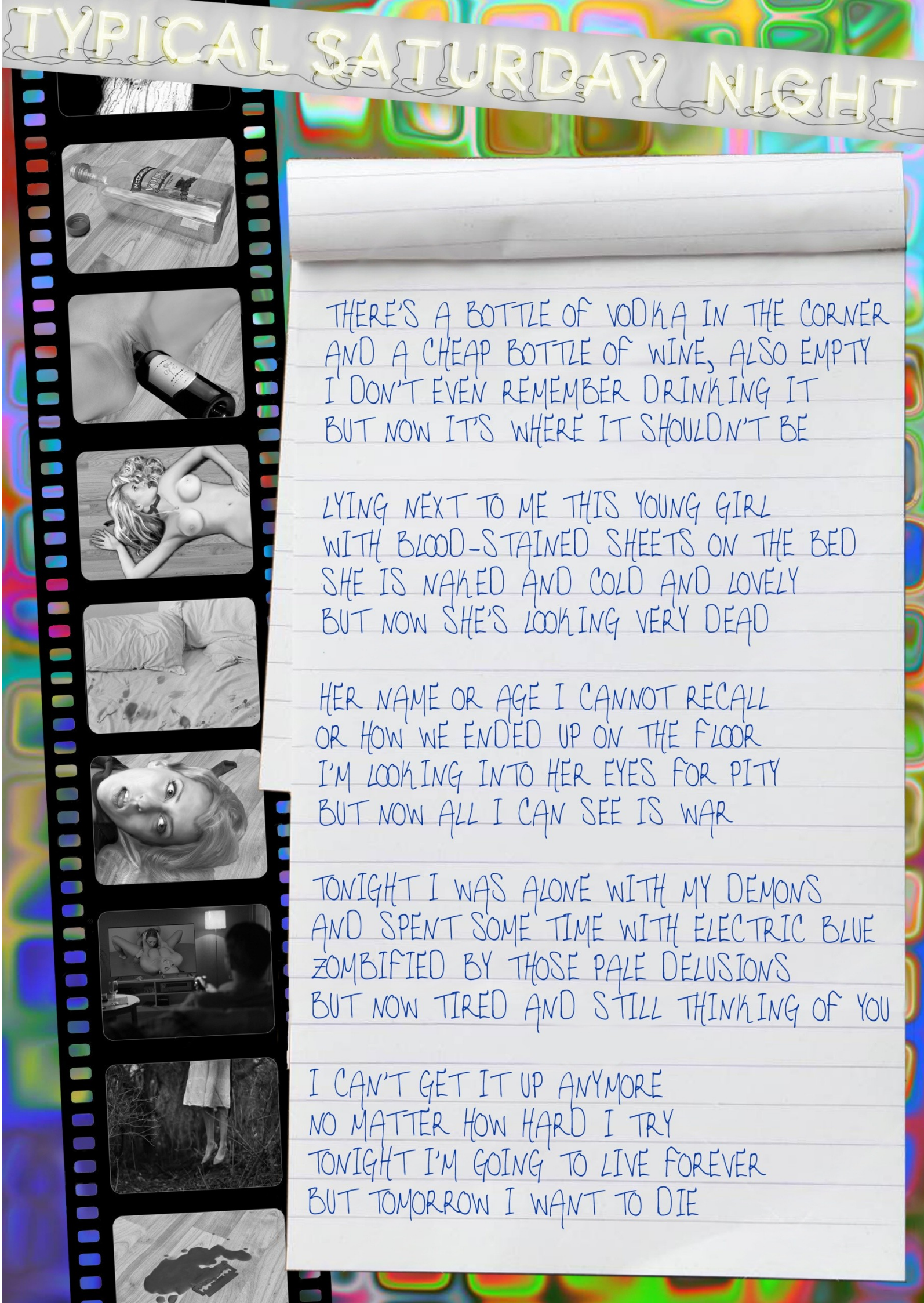
TELL ME WHAT YOUR SUCCESS IS
(TELL ME WHAT YOUR SUCCESS IS)
WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR
(WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR)
YOU MAY BLOW YOUR MIND
(YOU MAY BLOW YOUR MIND)
BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FUSE IT

GET YOUR COCKS OUT
(GET YOUR COCKS OUT)
GET 'EM HARD NOW
(GET 'EM HARD NOW)
AND PARTY ON DOWN

I NEED A LITTLE ERECTILE ENHANCER
A PSEUDO-NEUROLOGICAL ROMANCER
A TIGHT-TWATTED INFATILE CHANCER
AND A PSYCHOTROPIC DIGITAL DANCER

TELL ME WHAT YOUR SECRET SUCCESS IS
(TELL ME WHAT YOUR SECRET SUCCESS IS)
WHAT ARE YOU GUNNING FOR
(WHAT ARE YOU GUNNING FOR)
YOU CAN LOSE YOUR MIND
(YOU CAN LOSE YOUR MIND)
BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE IT

GET YOUR COCKS OUT
(GET YOUR COCKS OUT)
GET 'EM HARD NOW
(GET 'EM HARD NOW)
AND PARTY ON DOWN



TYPICAL SATURDAY NIGHT

THERE'S A BOTTLE OF VODKA IN THE CORNER
AND A CHEAP BOTTLE OF WINE, ALSO EMPTY
I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER DRINKING IT
BUT NOW IT'S WHERE IT SHOULDN'T BE

LYING NEXT TO ME THIS YOUNG GIRL
WITH BLOOD-STAINED SHEETS ON THE BED
SHE IS NAKED AND COLD AND LOVELY
BUT NOW SHE'S LOOKING VERY DEAD

HER NAME OR AGE I CANNOT RECALL
OR HOW WE ENDED UP ON THE FLOOR
I'M LOOKING INTO HER EYES FOR PITY
BUT NOW ALL I CAN SEE IS WAR

TONIGHT I WAS ALONE WITH MY DEMONS
AND SPENT SOME TIME WITH ELECTRIC BLUE
ZOMBIFIED BY THOSE PALE DELUSIONS
BUT NOW TIRED AND STILL THINKING OF YOU

I CAN'T GET IT UP ANYMORE
NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY
TONIGHT I'M GOING TO LIVE FOREVER
BUT TOMORROW I WANT TO DIE

My Secret Sin

(CHORUS)

SHINY, SHINY, SHINY TIGHT RUBBER
FEEL SO SECURE IN MY SECOND SKIN
NOW I'M BOUND, BOUND TO PLEASE YA
STEP INSIDE THE MADNESS OF MY SIN

(MIDDLE 8)

FETISH HEAVEN, FETISH LEATHER
COOL TO PLEASE THE ONE I LOVE
DON'T KNOW IF, DON'T KNOW EVER
HOW TO CURE THE MADNESS FROM WITHIN

I AM TIGHT
I AM TIED
I AM SWEATING AN OCEAN
AND A BIT
TOOK FOREVER
TO GET THIS FAR
AND I'M HAPPY
WITH MY SECRET SIN

SHINE ME OVER WITH TOUCH OF LEATHER
SHINE ME HARD WITH YOUR PURSED LIPS
SQUEEZE ME TIGHT, SQUEEZE ME THIN
AND DO IT FOREVER
TILL I'M DROWNING IN MY SECRET SIN

(REPEAT CHORUS AND MIDDLE 8)

TANTRIC



DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK I BELIEVE IN TANTRA
DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK I BELIEVE IN TANTRA
DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK I BELIEVE IN TANTRA



TANTRIC MAGICK TANTRIC MAGICK
TANTRIC MAGICK TANTRIC MAGICK
DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK
I BELIEVE IN TANTRA I BELIEVE IN TANTRA
DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGICK
I BELIEVE IN TANTRA I BELIEVE IN TANTRA
TANTRIC MAGICK TANTRIC MAGICK
TANTRIC MAGICK TANTRIC MAGICK



IT'S TIME TO DO
THE MANTRA
LET'S DO THE
TANTRA MANTRA
IT'S TIME TO DO
THE MANTRA
LET'S DO THE
TANTRA MANTRA

IT'S TIME TO DO
THE MANTRA
LET'S DO THE
TANTRA MANTRA
IT'S TIME TO DO
THE MANTRA
LET'S DO THE
TANTRA MANTRA

MY LINGAM IN YOUR YONI
MY LINGAM IN YOUR YONI
YOUR LINGAM IN MY YONI
YOUR LINGAM IN MY YONI

MY LINGAM IN YOUR YONI
MY LINGAM IN YOUR YONI
YOUR LINGAM IN MY YONI
YOUR LINGAM IN MY YONI



TANTRIC MAGICK TANTRIC MAGICK
TANTRIC MAGICK TANTRIC MAGICK



MAGICK



(PRE-CHORUS)

WHEN I GET IN I'M GONNA WATCH SOME PORN TONIGHT
WHEN I GET IN I'M GONNA WATCH SOME PORN TONIGHT
WHEN I GET IN I'M GONNA WATCH SOME PORN TONIGHT

(CHORUS)

I'M GONNA WATCH SOME PORN
WATCH SOME PORN (WATCH SOME PORN)
WATCH SOME PORN (WATCH SOME PORN)
AND JERK MYSELF OFF TILL THE MORNING LIGHT

ALRIGHT!

(REPEAT PRE-CHORUS/CHORUS)

I'M UP TO THE EYEBALLS IN PORN. MY BRAIN'S RIDDLED WITH PORN. I'VE GOT SO MUCH PORN IT'S DRIPPING OFF MY WALLS. IT'S DRIPPING OFF MY SCREEN. IT'S DRIPPING OFF THE END OF MY DICK. I GOT WALL TO WALL PORN LIKE NOBODY'S SEEN (SCENE).

TONIGHT I'M GONNA BE MAKING IT WITH JENNA JAMESON, JILL KELLY, BELLA DONNA, SYLVIA SAINT, SUNSET THOMAS, BRIANA BANKS, ASHLYN GERE, ASIA CARRERA (AD LIB OTHERS). IN FACT, I'M GONNA BE MAKING IT WITH ALL OF THEM HOT CHICKS. THEY'RE ALL GONNA BE SUCKING MY DICK TONIGHT. I'M GONNA BE CREAMING UP THE PLACE SO FUCKING MUCH I'M GONNA NEED WINDSCREEN WIPERS ON MY TV SCREEN. THERE'LL BE SO MUCH CUM YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO SWIM ACROSS THE ROOM TO SAVE ME FROM DROWNING IN MY OWN SPUNK. AND I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WEEK IN HOSPITAL WITH MY RIGHT HAND IN TRACTION. A SURGICAL SUPPORT ROUND MY CROTCH AND MY CALLUSED DICK ENCASED IN ABOUT TWO INCHES OF GODDAM BANDAGES. WOW, I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO TONIGHT.

(REPEAT PRE-CHORUS/CHORUS TWICE)

SHIT. I'VE RUN OUT OF TISSUES. HAS ANYONE GOT ANY MORE TISSUES? I'VE GOT BLISTERS ON MY FINGERS!

BLOWJOB MY HEART

COPULATION
TOO MUCH MASTURBATION
VAMPIRE TO MY HEART
SUCK MY STIMULATION
CARDIAC OPERATION
I'M OUT OF CIRCULATION

(PRE-CHORUS)
YOU KNOW I ONLY FEEL REAL
WHEN IT GETS HARD AS STEEL
BUT YOU GOTTA REMEMBER
I'M A FUCKER NOT A LOVER

(CHORUS)
BLOWJOB MY HEART (I DON'T WANNA)
BLOWJOB MY HEART (I AIN'T GONNA)
BLOWJOB MY HEART AND
BLOW ME AWAY (WAY, WAY, WAY . . .)

NEXT THING YOU KNOW
SHE'S BEGINNING TO BLOW
UNDOING MY ZIPPER
AND GOING DOWN SLOW
SUCKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME!

(REPEAT PRE-CHORUS)

(REPEAT CHORUS)

SUCKING IN EVERY BIT
SALIVA ON HER FINGERTIPS
IF SHE CAN'T SWALLOW
SHE'LL HAVE TO SPIT
I'M COMING FAST & COMING QUICK
STAND BACK, I'M GONNA BLOW

(REPEAT PRE-CHORUS)

(REPEAT CHORUS)

BEFORE...



AFTER...





THE GREAT MASTURBATOR

IN THE LIGHT OF DAY OUR DREAMS LIKE SUN EVAPORATE, WE LAUGH IN TEARS LIKE PEARLY DROPS FROM HEAVEN CASCADE TO THE GROUND AS THE WIDE OPEN COSMIC SKY OPENS LOVING A DEEP WITHIN WHERE WE ARE LOST IN TIME AND WHIM, TOO LATE TO CRY FOR THE CHILDREN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY IN A WILDERNESS EVERYONE HAS FORGOTTEN LIKE ROSEBUDS SHRINKING IN VIOLET LIGHT, TOO SMALL TO SAVE A WORLD IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR. THE SKY IS OPEN, THE SKY IS OPEN, ALWAYS OPEN TO THE NIGHT. JACKALS JACKING OFF IN THE NIGHT, INSECTS OF INSECT TIME CRAWLING OUT OF FRODOLOVES, ESCAPE BETWEEN THE SANDS IN DESERTS, THE SAND IS NO MORE THAN A MESSY BLOCK SWALLOWING UP PHOSPHORESCENT TIME, DRY LIKE THE RAINLESS SKY, DRY EMPTY OF LIFE, HEADS VACANT, NO HAIR, SPROUTING TREES, SHOOTS, LEAFY DREAMING OF DEFEATING A MOUNTAIN OF STEPS IN MENSTRUAL AGONY, THE SKY CAN NEVER GIVE

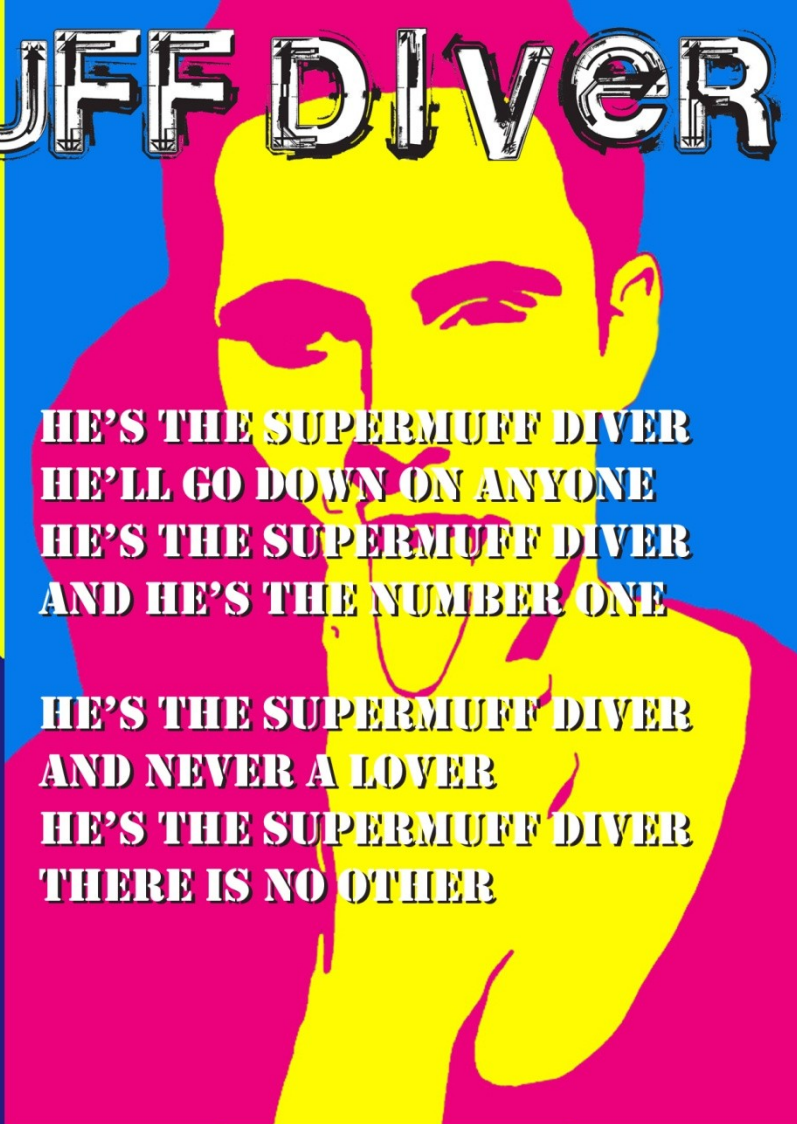


SUPERMUFF DIVER



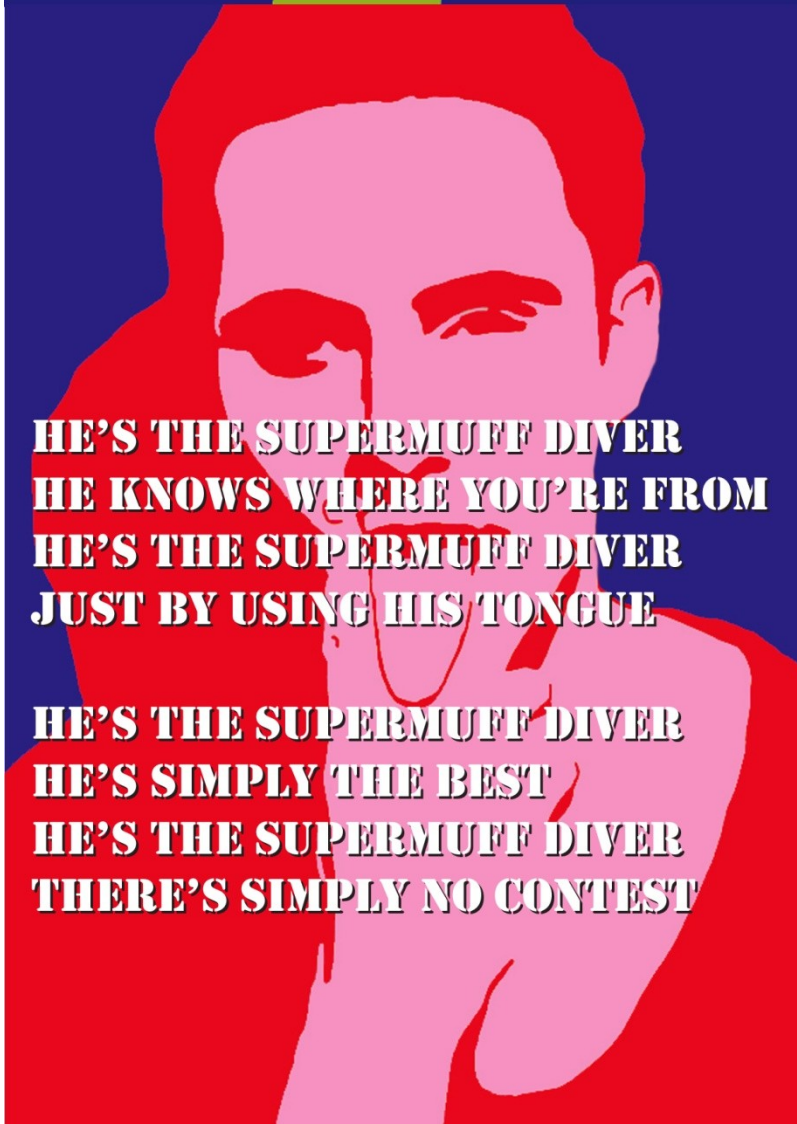
**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
THE MAN WITH THE TONGUE
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
ARE YOU READY TO CUM?**

**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
THE MAN WITH THE KISS
HE'S A SUPERMUFF DIVER
AND A CUNNING LINGUIST**



**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
HE'LL GO DOWN ON ANYONE
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
AND HE'S THE NUMBER ONE**

**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
AND NEVER A LOVER
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
THERE IS NO OTHER**



**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
HE KNOWS WHERE YOU'RE FROM
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
JUST BY USING HIS TONGUE**

**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
HE'S SIMPLY THE BEST
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
THERE'S SIMPLY NO CONTEST**



**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
WITH A PENCHANT FOR PUSSY
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
AND HE'S ALWAYS BUSY**

**HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
HE WILL GO FAR
HE'S THE SUPERMUFF DIVER
HE'S A SUPERSTAR**

BORN TO FUCK

WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
AS HARD AS WE MIGHT TRY
WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
FOR TOMORROW WE MAY ...

WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
AS HARD AS WE MIGHT TRY
WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
FOR TOMORROW WE MAY ...

DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE,
DIE, DIE, DIE

DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE,
DIE, DIE, DIE

WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
OUR WAY THROUGHOUT SPACE
WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
TO PERPETUATE THE HUMAN ...

WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
OUR WAY THROUGHOUT SPACE
WE WERE BORN TO FUCK
TO PERPETUATE THE HUMAN ...

RACE, RACE, RACE, RACE, RACE,
RACE, RACE, RACE, RACE

RACE, RACE, RACE, RACE, RACE,
RACE, RACE, RACE, RACE

I WAS BORN TO FUCK
THROUGHOUT ALL OF TIME
I WAS BORN TO FUCK
TO A VERY DIFFERENT ...

YOU WERE BORN TO FUCK
NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY
YOU WERE BORN TO FUCK
AND DO YOU REALLY WANNA ...

RHYME, RHYME, RHYME, RHYME,
RHYME, RHYME, RHYME, RHYME,
RHYME

DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE,
DIE, DIE, DIE

WE'RE BREEDING ON THE EARTH
WE'RE BREEDING ON THE SEA
WE'RE UNTING EGG AND SEED
FOR ALL ETERNITY

(GUITAR SOLO)



Pansexual



(SPOKEN INTRO)

'I AM PAN. I AM THE NEW SEXUALITY, ALL-SEXUALITY. MY WILL IS TO UNITE WITH ALL THINGS. EVERYTHING FORNICATIONS ALL AROUND ME. WHAT IF I TAKE TO BED ANY MAN THAT YOU SHOULD CALL ME HOMO? WHAT IF I TAKE TO BED ANY WOMAN THAT YOU SHOULD CALL ME HETERO? WHAT IF I TAKE BOTH TO BED AT THE SAME TIME YOU SHOULD CALL ME BI? ALL THESE ARE LABELS. MY BROTHERS. THEY ARE ILLUSIONS. THERE IS NO HOMO, HETERO OR BI. THERE IS ONLY SEXUALITY AND ANY MAN OR WOMAN SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO EXPRESS HIS OR HER SEXUALITY AS HE OR SHE WILLS. YOU HAVE TO STRIP IT FREE OF GUILT, OF FEAR, OF ALL THE SHIT THAT PREVENTS IT FROM BEING PURE, UNCONTAMINATED. AND IN THAT WAY YOU BECOME PAN. YOU BECOME ALL. LIKE ME. GO. REJOICE IN YOUR EXQUISITE NATURE. REJOICE IN YOUR FREEDOM. REJOICE IN THE DELECTATION OF THE SENSES AND FIND CONSOLATION IN ETERNAL FORNICATION. TRANSMUTE DESIRE INTO ECSTASY. BECOME ONE WITH THE ALL-PERVASIVE REALITY THAT IS ALL-SEXUALITY. TAKE TO BED YOUR MENFOLK, YOUR WOMENFOLK, OR WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE.

DANCE THE NAKED DANCE OF PAN. REVEL IN YOUR INCARNATION IN THE FLESH. DO NOT DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN ANY ONE THING OR ANY OTHER. MY BROTHERS. KNOW THEY ARE ALL ONE AND THE SAME. THAT IS HOW TO BECOME ALL; HOW TO BECOME PAN; HOW TO BECOME PANSEXUAL.'

PANSEXUAL (REPEAT AD INFINITUM, THEN)

PANSEXUALITY

NEW! EXCLUSIVE OFFER TO OUR READERS! INTRODUCING THE AMAZING PLEASURE HOPPER

DESIGNED TO GIVE THE LADIES PLEASURE

The Tatler is proud to announce a new product which we are making available to our faithful readers.

The PLEASURE HOPPER is a space hopper with a difference. With its unique appendage, it has been designed to give all ladies a pleasurable experience, in or out of the home. Gents, your missus will be pleased. WE GUARANTEE.

Whether she's an office worker or a stay at home wife she can use this fabulous toy where ever she feels comfortable. With an appendage measuring eight and a half solid inches we know she will be thrilled. Not only that, there's also a choice of colours and facial designs. So choose the one you think she will find the most attractive and let her have a good time when you're not there to please her. Made from hard durable rubber, this is a toy built to last.

(All orders include instructions.)



Only available whilst stocks last.
Hurry. Order now.

ONE SIZE FITS ALL!

(Replacement appendages also available.)

**THE PLEASURE HOPPER
ONLY**

£9.99 (inc. p & p)

OR

£12 with a foot pump

Fill in the coupon below now. Money back guarantee.

If your missus isn't satisfied, then we offer to refund you on a no questions asked basis if the item is returned within 30 days!!!

Offer open only to *The Tatler* readers.

© 1978 Wankfast Enterprises

See below for
the reason why
she's smiling.



**FOUR FACES / COLOURS
TO CHOOSE
FROM!**



HAPPY!



EXCITED!



DELIRIOUS!



ECSTATIC!



TRADITIONAL



CAUCASIAN



ASIAN



EBONY



FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT OFF STRAIGHT AWAY. DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS GREAT OFFER.

Dear *The Tatler* Magazine,

I want to take advantage of your fantastic offer, the Pleasure Hopper. Please find enclosed a cheque / postal order for the sum of

£ 9.99 (inc. p & p) or £ 12.00 (inc. the foot pump)

made payable to Wankfast Enterprises.

Yes, I also wish to take advantage of your special 30 day money back guarantee ☐ that if my missus isn't totally satisfied with the product, it can be returned within 30 days upon its receipt.

Your faithful reader,

signed

All orders to be sent to the usual *Tatler* address. Allow at least seven days for delivery. All items to be dispatched in plain wrapper.

Please choose your colour: Traditional ☐ Caucasian ☐ Asian ☐ Ebony ☐

Please choose your face design (from below): Happy ☐ Excited ☐ Delirious ☐ Ecstatic ☐

Name: _____

Address: _____

A SELECTION OF VIGNETTES TO ILLUSTRATE AN

UNHOLY FAITH



A SELECTION OF VIGNETTES TO ILLUSTRATE AN

UNHOLY FAITH



A SELECTION OF VIGNETTES TO ILLUSTRATE AN

UNHOLY FAITH



A SELECTION OF VIGNETTES TO ILLUSTRATE AN

UNHOLY FAITH



A SELECTION OF VIGNETTES TO ILLUSTRATE AN

UNHOLY FAITH







Oh
Siouxsie Sioux,
what happened
to
you?





// PARTY

**THE FILM THEY DID
NOT WANT YOU TO
SEE....**



NAZI GIRLS

WELL THESE NAZI GIRLS ARE REALLY HOT
I JUST LOVE THE THINGS THEY WEAR
AND NAZI GIRLS, THE WAY THEY COME
THEY BLOW ME OUT WHEN I GO DOWN THERE

THE FUHRER'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS
THEY MAKE ME COME ALL NIGHT
AND NAZI GIRLS, THE WAY THEY BLOW
IT REALLY IS OUT OF SIGHT

I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI GIRLS

THE ENGLISH MAY HAVE THE BEST ASS
BUT DON'T COME CLOSE TO DEUTSCHLAND
A FRENCH BIRD IN A BIKINI ON THE BEACH
IS NOTHING LIKE A COUPLA NAZIS IN MY HANDS

INE BEEN SUCKED ALL OVER THIS GREAT BIG WORLD
AND IVE BEEN SUCKED BY ALL TYPES OF GIRLS
YEAH, BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK HOME
BACK TO THE BEST SUCKERS IN THE WORLD

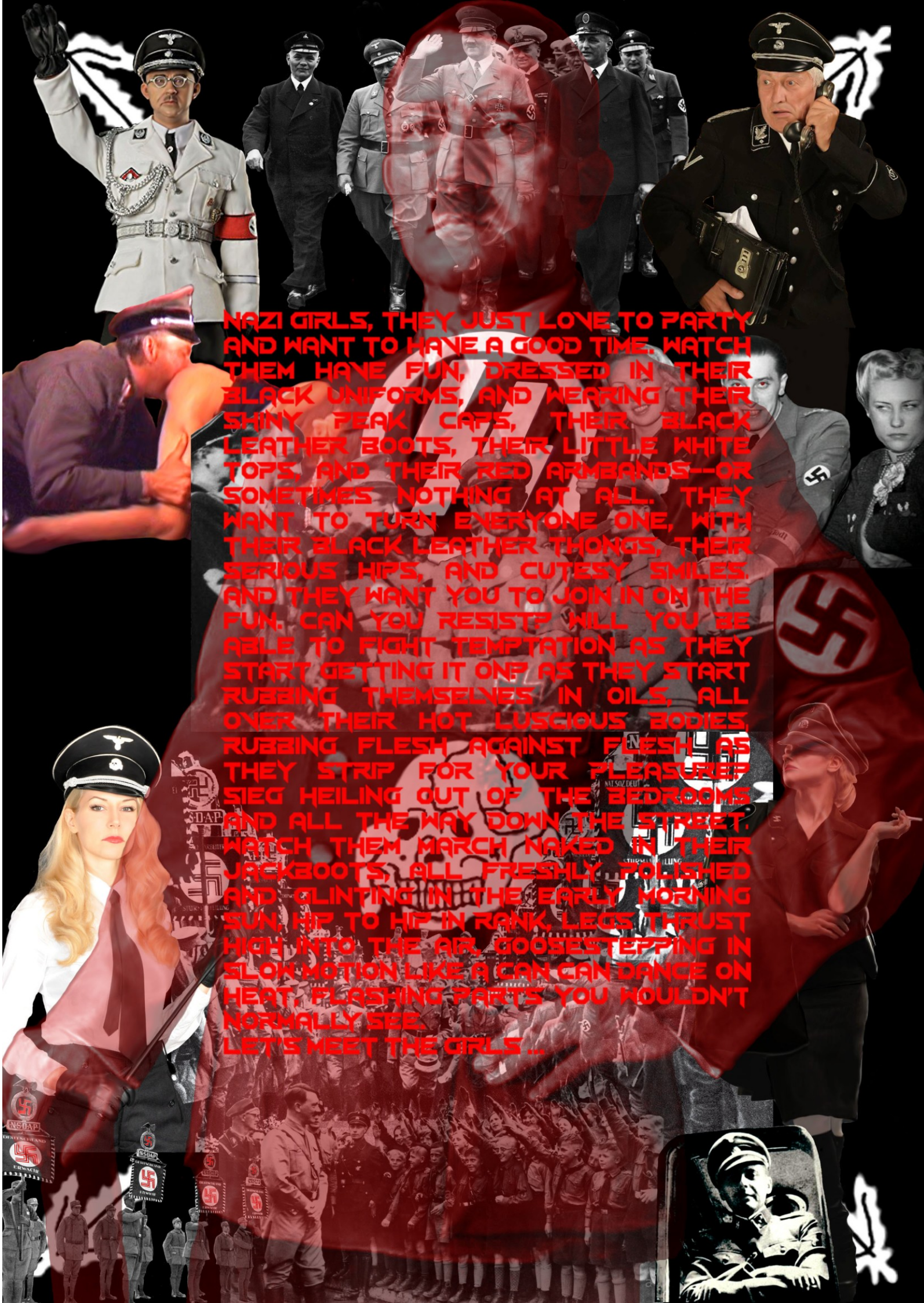
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI GIRLS

I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
(GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS YEAH I MISS THE)

I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
(GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS YEAH I MISS THE)

I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
(GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS YEAH I MISS THE)

I WISH THEY ALL COULD BE NAZI
(GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS YEAH I MISS THE)



NAZI GIRLS, THEY JUST LOVE TO PARTY AND WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. WATCH THEM HAVE FUN, DRESSED IN THEIR BLACK UNIFORMS, AND WEARING THEIR SHINY PEAK CAPS, THEIR BLACK LEATHER BOOTS, THEIR LITTLE WHITE TOPS, AND THEIR RED ARMBANDS--OR SOMETIMES NOTHING AT ALL. THEY WANT TO TURN EVERYONE ONE, WITH THEIR BLACK LEATHER THONGS, THEIR SERIOUS HIPS, AND CUTESY SMILES. AND THEY WANT YOU TO JOIN IN ON THE FUN. CAN YOU RESIST? WILL YOU BE ABLE TO FIGHT TEMPTATION AS THEY START GETTING IT ON? AS THEY START RUBBING THEMSELVES IN OILS, ALL OVER THEIR HOT LUSCIOUS BODIES, RUBBING FLESH AGAINST FLESH AS THEY STRIP FOR YOUR PLEASURE? SIEG HEILING OUT OF THE BEDROOMS AND ALL THE WAY DOWN THE STREET. WATCH THEM MARCH NAKED IN THEIR JACKBOOTS, ALL FRESHLY POLISHED AND GLINTING IN THE EARLY MORNING SUN. HIP TO HIP IN RANK, LEGS THRUST HIGH INTO THE AIR, GOOSESTEPPING IN SLOW MOTION LIKE A CAN CAN DANCE ON HEAT. FLASHING PARTS YOU WOULDN'T NORMALLY SEE. LET'S MEET THE GIRLS ...

This is Gertrude, or, as she is better known to her most intimate friends, Gerta the Squirter from Frankfurter. Amply proportioned, just manipulating those significant assets of hers will have her creaming, brewing up one helluva concoction in those mighty loins of hers. Beware: Make sure you stand well back when she comes, because when she comes she's liable to flood the place! Adolf's rating: 



Meet luscious Lucia, known to her close friends as Juicy Lucy (for reasons best left to the reader's imagination). She hails from the lovely town of Luntdorf, right down by the Danube. It's a quaint, but small town, and famous for one thing: producing some of the best, most lecherous, lascivious, and liberated Eurobabes on the planet. And Lucia is one of them. Even the Fuhrer was impressed. He thought, 'If they're all like Lucia, I better get some more in,' and ordered another 200 to be imported back home, to keep his boys happy when they're not out fighting on the Front, you understand. Trouble is, they were so exhausted afterwards, they didn't have any gumption to fight and asked for two week to recover. Ah well, it just goes to show you can't keep a good girl down. His average score is:





This is Angela, the Chancellor of Sex. She's the one who loves to experiment in what she calls her 'Nazi

Sexperiments.' Here are just a few examples, including bondage, discipline, cross-dressing male subjects, etc.

Adolf's rating:



This is Elsa. She likes to give the orders around here. And orders are orders. She must be obeyed. Otherwise there will be trouble. Best to avoid upsetting her, then.



Adolf's rating:



This is Andrea. She comes from Rotterdam. She claims she put the 'dam' in the name, because she doesn't give a damn and will try anything, at least once. Adolf's rating:



or maybe more if she goes round his place later.



Meet Greta: she's just great! She does not do much; she doesn't need to. All she does is sits back and looks good. And that's enough for anybody. As soon as she sees a man in uniform, that's it. She gives him one of her wicked smiles, and like iron filings to a

magnet, he's drawn irrevocably to her and is lost in her deep, dark depths. She's the kind of woman that will have the Gestapo on their knees begging to be allowed just to serve under her. No man is immune to her charms, not even the Fuhrer himself! He



gives her the highest rating possible:



Now, what's her phone number?

This is Helga from Hamburg,
more known for her all-
Men, beware! Do not be
or soft eyes; Helga
and hates to be
disappoint her
Adolf's rating:

Plus another
half if she
keeps
her

She is not a nice lady and is
out cruelty and brutality.
fooled by her luscious lips
always means business
disappointed. So don't
or there will be trouble!



in

boots on
bed!





our glorious leader. Sieghel! meine Frau.
At a certain angle she even looks like
they call her Fraulein Fuhrer.
an iron fist. That is why
always rules it with
Love Camp 69, she

As wicked warden of
preferably her own.
a dick in her hand and
She only feels right with
she thinks she is a man.
This is Klara. She has a problem.

Stalag Luft III







Meet Sadie (and friend). When she is alone she is bad, but when they are together they're better. Miss Sadisterotica, as she is known to her friend, is one of the most strict disciplinarians you will ever come across. She runs a camp called the Death Camp, where all who enter therein eventually abandon any sense of hope and capitulate, surrendering to her charms, enslaved forever. Amen. Adolf's rating, a very generous:



This is Olga. She runs the house of the Fuhrer are sent to her house as has not deterred some of our young can get sent to her house! Adolf's rating:



And one Iron Cross for bravery. Well, she did help to satisfy a certain lady, as we shall see on the next page.

house of correction. Those who refuse to obey the orders of her house as a form of punishment. However, this fuse on purpose so they can blame them?

refuse to obey the orders of her house as a form of punishment. However, this fuse on purpose so they can blame them?



Olga and Eva, two Nazi girls who really know how to enjoy themselves, and like nothing better than having a bit of fun together. Yet that doesn't mean they are girls who just like girls. In fact, Olga calls herself a trisexual: she'll try anything! And who wouldn't want to experiment with her? Guys, start queuing here ...



Two more Nazi girls: Sylvie and Lena. Together they are dynamite and dangerous!



Also starring Adolf Hitler as 'Dirty Old Man.'

And there is no love like . . .

Also starring Adolf Hitler as 'Dirty Old Man.'

And there is no love like . . .



Nazi



In love with your narcissism
And all your nasty Nazism
Thor thunderous
Odin odiferous
Jackboots marching up your back
Darkness falls out of the crack
Swastikas on your knees
People kowtow to please
Descending from the clouds
Heads of the people bowed
Enwrapt in your sermons of hate
A nation soon seals its own fate
The furious Fuhrer then led them on
To a spurious future; could it be undone?
Thinking you were really the Chosen
In your black shirt and lederhosen
Your little patina of a moustache
And a bravura which was a farce
Disingenuous to the Jews
Ingenuous to the non-Jews
Rewriting a country's history
With elements of your own story
Mein Kampf set the pattern
For a land that would fatten
On the blood of all the innocents
Through actions having no sense
Your mission of the divine
Was nothing but a blind
But like lemmings they followed
To the precarious edge, hollowed
And soulless, like automatons
You pushed all the buttons
And swept through the nations
As if God's own incarnation
Crucified on your own petard
You died by trying too hard
To seize the world in your fist
Losing it in a maddening mist
Now that you have gone
The world has moved on
But we learnt the lessons well
On this everyone should dwell:
There is no love like Nazi love!

Love



Royal Tease



RIGHT, I'VE BOUGHT YOU A DRINK. NOW LET'S FUCK.

NO.



LOOK, I'VE BOUGHT YOU A DRINK, I'VE BOUGHT YOU A CAR, I'VE BOUGHT YOU A HOUSE. YOU COULD AT LEAST GIVE ME A BLOWJOB.

NO!



LOOK, IF I MAKE YOU A PRINCESS, THEN WILL YOU SUCK MY DICK ?!?

YES.

I'D SHAG THAT FOR A DOLLAR!



Always

reaching out to the ones you cannot

reach.

OUR PERSONAL PROMISE TO YOU

Friends, fellows, pervs, have you lost contact with your old penpals? Have you been driven underground due to the Vice Squad knocking on your door, and been cut off from all your old contacts of the past? Or forced to go into hiding all out of a sense of shame, with no like-minded, kindred spirits to speak to? Feeling lonely and isolated with no one to keep you company except your perverted urges?

Well, not anymore!

Welcome to PAEDOPHILES REUNITED.

Meet the newly launched website just for you. Fully encrypted and untaceable once you have logged on, we will put you back in touch with your friends from the past, no matter what distance, even if they are still serving time or absconded to Peru. They are now available to you.

'What's the catch?'

There is no catch. With our fully automated system we will create for you a new identity, an avatar that's only identifiable amongst your fellow brethren. No need to remember long-winded passwords and log-ons. Once encrypted your avatar will stay with you wherever you go, no matter how deep into the dark web you may disappear.

All applications will be heavily vetted online at the first portal. Only those with a proven track record and serious convictions will be accepted. Genuine molesters need only apply. Standard entrance fee is 25 GBP, payable through Paypal. You will then receive a special code after clearance and through an email of your choice. Your privacy is highly valued. No personal information will be stored, retrieved, distributed once you have logged on through our second portal. Sign up today and download the app to remain in touch and on the go where ever you are hiding in the world. In confidence, visit:

www.pr/xr10retch22klydmonce2993xksjfdvjfdjdf.com

and get reunited today!



'Thank you PAEDOPHILES REUNITED. You're a life saver. I was at the end of my rope till I came across the site and reconnected with my old partners in crime.' *John, Daventry.*



'PAEDOPHILES REUNITED is a godsend. I don't know what I would do without you guys. Thanks a lot.' *Darryl, Port Maine.*



'Like everyone else, I was sceptical about joining. But now I'm really glad I did. It was great to find some of my old mates have gone back to their old ways. We now swap photos on a daily basis, and from the safety of a closed web.' (Identity withheld.)



'Good work, guys. Keep it up.' *Geoff, Buffalo.*



'Well, I must say, I'm very pleased with the service. My only quibble is there's no picture galleries. I would like to see some young ones, preferably in diapers with blonde curling locks ...' (Identity withheld.)



'Huzzah!' *Leeroy, Washington.*



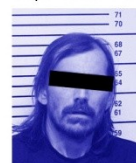
'PAEDOPHILES REUNITED does what it says on the tin. You pay. You get a secret ID. You log in. You then search and find other pervs from the old days. It's that simple. I reckon I'd recommend it to anybody.' *Joe 'Cotton Socks' Johnson, USA.*



'We guys have got to stick together. The Man keeps putting us down. We needs respect and we get it back from here. Right on, bro.' *Linton B, Delaware.*



'Excellent service with good links to other sites which enables me to connect in secret. Particularly like the ones that take me straight to the schools in my local catchment area provided by my old mate (name withheld). Thanks. Indispensable.' *Ron W. W., Oxford.*



'Where have you guys been? All my life this is what I wanted. It is a dream come true. Peace.' *DD, Notts.*



'Great. Thanks guys. Now back in touch.' *Toby, IOW.*



'Nice 1. Good for a laff with the kids.' *Jenny, Derby.*

Remember: Only your friends can see you. To the rest of the world you are invisible.

Paedophiles Reunited is a registered charity in the UK (reg. no. 1154897). As with all other charities, we are exempt from taxes and donations to our cause qualify for tax relief. To donate, visit the first portal on the above link and click 'RESCUE ME.'



MESSE NOIRE





= SEX

LIVE IT. KNOW THAT YOU ARE CONSTANTLY FUCKING WITH EVERYTHING ALL OF THE TIME - YOUR SENSES ARE UNITING WITH OBJECTS. THUS YOUR ENVIRONMENT BECOMES YOU AS THE OBJECTS ARE UNITED IN YOUR BEING. NEVER REJECT IT PHYSICALLY EITHER FOR EACH UNION IS A BLESSING, A SACRED ACT, WHETHER IT IS BEING OFFERED BY THE PAINTED WHORE ON THE STREET CORNER OR A GLAMOUR MODEL IN YOUR BED; IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE AS ALL OBJECTS REPRESENT THE OTHER, OR THAT WHICH IS NOT YOU. TO BECOME ALL YOU NEED TO UNITE WITH ALL.



= LIFE

REJECT IT - OR WHAT OTHER PEOPLE CALL LIFE. REMEMBER: ALL IS FUTILE, ALL IS FULLY INANE. LIFE HAS NO MEANING WITHOUT AN END AND THAT END IS DEATH. SO THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO PROLONG LIFE ARE MERELY EXTENDING THEIR OWN AGONIES. DEATH IS THE MEANING OF LIFE; YOU CANNOT ESCAPE IT. EMBRACE IT, YEARN FOR IT. GO BEYOND WHAT PASSES FOR LIFE FOR IT IS BEYOND WORKING AND EARNING MONEY. IT IS KNOWING WHY YOU ARE HERE AND DOING IT. ALL OTHER LIVING IS USELESS AND TO BE AVOIDED.



= ENTERTAINMENT

WHAT IS IT THAT WE NEED TO BE ENTERTAINED? WE DO NOT NEED IT. REJECT IT. WE HAVE NO TIME FOR IT WHEN WE ARE BUSY PURSUING OUR ONE GOAL IN LIFE - DISCOVERING WHO WE REALLY ARE SO THAT WE CAN FINALLY TRANSCEND THE HUMAN CONDITION! THERE IS NO OTHER GOAL. ALL FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT ARE MERELY A DISTRACTION FROM THIS GOAL. BESIDES, IMBECILES CHOOSE TO LIVE THEIR LIVES VICARIOUSLY THROUGH THE ACTIONS AND EXPLOITS OF OTHERS. THAT IS NOT THE INANE WAY. BUT AN INSANE WAY TO LIVE LIFE.



= DRINK

ALCOHOL IS THE CLOSEST SOME PEOPLE CAN GET TO GOD. THUS THEY SHOULD LEARN TO USE IT AS A SACRAMENT AND NEVER PURELY FOR PLEASURE. NEVER LET IT USE YOU EITHER - IT WILL ONLY MAKE YOU A SLAVE. FREEDOM FROM ALL FORMS OF BONDAGE IS THE AIM - NOT BONDAGE IN ITSELF. THE ALCOHOLIC IS BOUND TO HIMSELF AND HIS ADDICTION. HE IS NO LONGER FREE AND THEREFORE A SLAVE, INCAPABLE OF ACHIEVING ANYTHING WORTHWHILE. BUT ALWAYS DRINK UNTO HER FOR THEREIN YOU MAY COME TO KNOW HER INTIMATELY.



= DRUGS

LIKE ALCOHOL, SHOULD ONLY BE TAKEN AS A FORM OF SACRAMENT AND NEVER OVER-INDULGED IN OR USED JUST FOR PLEASURE. IF YOU WISH TO GET HIGH TO EXPERIENCE GOD. THEN BY ALL MEANS DO SO. DISCOVER WHICH ONES WORK BEST FOR YOU AND REJECT THE REST.



= EGO

I AM NOT I. THAT IS THE TRUTH. THE I THAT I AM IS ELSEWHERE, AT THE CENTRE OF MY BEING; NOT THE I THAT I HAVE LEARNT TO IDENTIFY WITH WHICH IS PURELY A MASK TO ALLOW CONGRESS WITH THE EXTERNAL WORLD. BEWARE OF THE EGO THAT IS FALSELY SPAWNED FOR IT LAYS A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY AND THINKS IT IS THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, WHEREAS IN REALITY IT IS BUT A SLAVE, NO MORE THAN A USEFUL TOOL FOR INTERACTING WITH OTHERS. HE WHO THINKS HIS EGO IS KING IS A FOOL AND SHOULD BE IGNORED LIKE ALL OTHER FALSE PERSONAS WE SEE ON THE SCREENS IN OUR HOMES WHO WOULD SHRIVEL FROM OUR ABSENCE IF THEY WERE TO BE DEPRIVED OF ADULATION. LIKE A MASK LEARN TO PUT ON THE EGO WHEN IT BEST SUITS YOU, AND THAT IS ALL, FOR IT IS THE BIGGEST HINDRANCE TO ACHIEVING OUR GOAL AND WILL ATTEMPT TO DISSUADE US FROM OUR PURPOSE WHICH INEVITABLY BRINGS ABOUT ITS DEATH. BEWARE!



= FAME

REJECT IT. IT HAS NO VALUE IN ITSELF AND IS NOT ALL IT CLAIMS TO BE. IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A FALSE GOAL PURSUED BY FALSE EGOS WHO STRIVE TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR THE SAKE OF IT. AND YET FOR THOSE WHO EARN IT THROUGH HARD WORK AND REWARD IT SHOULD BE TREATED DISPASSIONATELY WITHOUT PRAISE. IT ONLY SERVES TO INFLATE THE EGO AND DISTRACTS FROM THE GOAL IN HAND. FAME IS ALSO A FLEETING THING, AND LIKE SHADOWS DISAPPEARING AT NIGHT, SO IT TOO IS SHORT LIVED. IT IS EPHEMERAL AND THUS ILLUSORY.



= WEALTH

WEALTH, LIKE FAME, WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. IT JUST MEANS YOU CAN BUY A BIGGER HOUSE AND BETTER CAR AND GET SWALLOWED UP BY A SYSTEM YOU DESPISE, AND END UP BEING DISTRACTED FROM YOUR ONE PURPOSE IN LIFE: THE INANE! IT IS INSANE TO GIVE UP THE INANE FOR WEALTH, RICHES, AND MATERIAL GOALS. THEY ARE ALL FLEETING AND WILL PASS YOU BY IN THE WINK OF AN EYE. ONLY THAT WHICH IS TRUE IS REAL: THE INANE WILL ALWAYS BE. EVERYTHING ELSE IS BUT SHADOWS. INCLUDING WEALTH.



= FOOD

FOOD SHOULD ONLY BE TAKEN IN MODERATE DOSES. IT IS THERE PURELY TO SERVE A FUNCTION: TO KEEP THE PHYSICAL VEHICLE UP AND RUNNING, THAT IS ALL. IT SERVES NO OTHER PURPOSE WHATSOEVER AND SHOULD NEVER BE OVER-INDULGED IN AS A FORM OF PLEASURE. TOO MANY PEOPLE EAT TOO MUCH. THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN ITS PURPOSE, AND BECOME AVARICIOUS, LOSING SIGHT OF THE GOAL. WHEN PARTAKING OF FOOD, GET IT OVER AND DONE WITH QUICKLY, THEN PURSUE YOUR WORK, ALWAYS BEARING IN MIND IT IS A TEMPORARY MEASURE - TO KEEP THE PHYSICAL VEHICLE WORKING TILL THE GOAL IS REACHED. OVER-EATING IS THE GOAL OF GLUTTONS. DON'T DO IT.



= MONEY

NECESSARY IF WE ARE TO SUSTAIN OURSELVES BUT SHOULD NEVER BE SEEN AS A GOAL IN ITSELF, I.E. TO ACQUIRE MORE IN THE FORM OF WEALTH. LIKE FOOD, TOO MANY OVER INDULGE, BELIEVING IT IS THE END GOAL OF LIFE, TO ACQUIRE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. THEY THEN FRITTER IT AWAY ON USELESS OBJECTS, NEGLECTING WHY THEY WANTED IT IN THE FIRST PLACE: TO SUSTAIN A STANDARD OF LIVING THAT IS CONDUCIVE TO ACHIEVING THE GOAL OF LIVING: THE INANE. NEVER BE DISTRACTED BY MONEY OR SEE IT AS THE SOLE PURPOSE OF LIFE.



= WORK

IT IS FOOLISH TO BELIEVE THAT WORK IS THE ONLY PURPOSE IN LIFE. THIS IS THE NOTION OF IMBECILES. WORK IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN INCONVENIENCE WHICH GETS IN THE WAY OF REAL WORK: THE GOAL OF THE INANE. ALL ELSE IS SUBSERVIENT TO THAT, AND TOO MANY PEOPLE HAVE NO CONCEPTION OF ANYTHING ELSE BEYOND WORK, OR EARNING A LIVING AS IT IS VULGARLY CALLED. NECESSARY TO SUSTAIN ONESELF BUT NOTHING MORE. IT IS A LOW GOAL COMPARED WITH THE HIGHEST ONE IN LIFE WITH A FAR GREATER REWARD.



= SUCCESS

IS SUCCESS TO BE MEASURED BY THE SIZE OF ONE'S BANK ACCOUNT? IS IT EVERLASTING? OF COURSE NOT. IT IS FLEETING LIKE ALL THE OTHER EPHEMERAL GOALS WHICH PASS FOR LIFE AND SOME BELIEVE TO BE OF PRIMARY IMPORTANCE. SUCCESS IS YOUR PROOF BUT ONLY IF IT IS MEASURABLE TO YOURSELF. THE SUCCESS WE SPEAK OF HERE IS ACHIEVING THE GOAL OF THE INANE AND NONE OTHER.



= GENIUS

GENIUS IS SOMETHING TO BE ACQUIRED. ONE IS NEVER BORN A GENIUS, BUT BECOMES ONE AS THE LIGHT OF PURE CONSCIOUSNESS PENETRATES THE HUMAN SPHERE, FOR NOT ONLY CAN THE GENIUS IN ONESELF BE SEEN AS ABOVE TENDING DOWNWARDS BUT ALSO WITHIN TENDING OUTWARDS IN THE FORM OF EXPRESSION, THE CREATIVE GENIUS BEING THE MOST RECOGNISABLE. AND HE WHO FAILS TO OPEN HIMSELF UP TO HIS INNER GENIUS IS A DULLARD AND MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD. THIS GENIUS IS USUALLY HIDDEN WITHIN AND IS OBSCURED BY THE EGO WHICH REFUSES TO RELINQUISH ITS HOLD ON THE MIND. OPEN THE MIND AND YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR GENIUS.



= THOUGHT



= SENSE



= EMPATHY



= INSIGHT

WE EXPERIENCE THE WORLD IN FOUR WAYS THROUGH THE BODY AND OUR SENSES. THE INFORMATION IS PROCESSED IN THE BRAIN AND CONVERTED INTO THOUGHT FOR SIMPLER PROCESSING OF DATA. YET ALSO WE PROJECT ON TO THE WORLD OUR THOUGHTS, SO THEREFORE WE ARE NOT JUST SIMPLE DEVICES FOR RECEIVING INFORMATION BUT ALSO FOR TRANSMITTING INFORMATION WHICH WE PROJECT ON TO THE WORLD AS EXPECTATION SHAPED BY EXPERIENCE. THESE FOUR TYPES ARE NECESSARY TO EXPERIENCE ALL EXTERNAL OBJECTS AND WE GIVE LIFE TO THEM THROUGH OUR PERCEPTION. YET IT IS POSSIBLE TO DESTROY THESE OBJECTS BY CLOSING DOWN THE CHANNEL OF PERCEPTION, WITHDRAWING THE CONSCIOUSNESS CURRENT BACK TO ITS SOURCE. THAT IS HOW WE EXPERIENCE THE INANE, THROUGH THE DENIAL OF THE SENSES, THE RIGIDITY OF THE BODY, AND DIRECTING THE CURRENT INWARD AND UPWARD. THEN THERE IS NO THOUGHT, NO SENSE, NO EMPATHY, NOT EVEN INSIGHT, JUST PURE BEING IN THE AIN AS WE BECOME INANE.

NOTE: THE OTHER SYMBOLS SHOULD BE SELF-EXPLANATORY TO ANYONE WHO HAS STUDIED ALCHEMY. THE TRIANGLES REPRESENT THE FOUR ELEMENTS (AIR, FIRE, WATER, EARTH) WHICH COMPRISE ALL MATTER AND OURSELVES. HOWEVER, THERE IS A FIFTH ELEMENT THAT IS NOT SIGNIFIED HERE AND IS THE SUMMATION OF ALL FOUR ELEMENTS: SPIRIT. IT IS INVISIBLE AND BEYOND SENSE AND THEREFORE SHOULD NEVER BE SIGNIFIED AT ALL.



*A
Tribute
to*

**ALLEN
JONES**

*(Hatstand,
Table,
& Chair)*



Alice in Rubberland

The following pages are dedicated to Adam Ant. I mean, the real Adam Ant, the one before he sold his soul to pop. Back in the early days Adam and the Ants were well known for using sexual imagery in their gigs. Adam would come on wearing a black leather mask at the start of the show in order to intimidate the audience. He would also wear other fetishtic gear, like black leather trousers, or T-shirts with slogans like 'Whip me! Beat me!' etc. In fact, at their very first gig the first song they played was called 'Beat My Guest.' Adam's interest in SM-type behaviour and fetishtic imagery stemmed from his days at Uni when he wrote a thesis on the subject. It was this interest which he brought into the initial stages of the Ants' career. Their early repertoire was replete with songs like the aforementioned 'Beat My Guest,' also 'Rubber People,' 'Whip in My Valise,' 'Ligotage,' etc., always sprinkled with a good dose of humour, to spice up the proceedings.

Although never a practitioner, Adam's interest was purely on the visual level. And it was this imagery he used (or the record company used) to promote the band and give it a visual sense of identity in a world now overrun with other punk bands, all striving to become popular and succeed. Many of the band's gigs were advertised with flyers sporting SM-type images. Even the Ants' badges had fetishtic themes. The Ants' first single 'Young Parisians' (a strictly non-SM song) was advertised in the NME and other music papers with Adam posing in black leather. It was a very striking image that still resonates, and in retrospect shows what a long way he has come to be accepted by today's adolescents who probably have no idea of the band's early origins in the world of chic fetishism. On top of that, it has to be admitted he looked *tres cool*.

It was seeing this imagery as a kid that got me into the whole fetish thing, thanks to Adam. It made quite an impression on me, and later became a way of life. As an artist, I too would draw on such imagery for inspiration, not only on a visual level, but also philosophically by exploring the dynamics of power, as well as confronting the normal established modes of behaviour. It was a controversial stance that still remains with me today, and the fact that the world of fetishism represents a secret subculture that at its heart goes way beyond people playing with just the imagery, actually putting it into practice as a discipline and way of life, boosted my interest even further.

The title of this section is taken from the spoken intro by Adam to 'Rubber People,' an old song that was never officially released and can be found on any demo compilation or one of the numerous bootlegs of early Ants' material, something that was sorely lacking at the time as most record companies weren't prepared to take on the Ants for this very reason; their use of SM as a visual style did not do them any favours, so most of the early Ants' songs can only be found on rough recordings and bootlegs, the 'Madam Stan' vinyl offering of 1981 (on the S&M label!) being a good example.

The following silly story was inspired by listening to some of the Ants' demo tracks one summer afternoon. It was written in the space of an hour with the idea of incorporating as many old Ants' songs as possible, as well as a few obscure recent ones, the titles woven discreetly into the text. More popular ones have been eschewed, although some were added as they sound like they were written a long time ago, back in the good old days.

How many can you spot? Clue: There are over 60. (The solution can be found on the last page.)



MISTRESS

Adam, when he was younger, he used to hang around with some young Parisians, trying to look all cool and trendy, just like them. It was around this time he first saw a lady and she was naked. She had no clothes on; she was completely nude. He was much enamoured for she reminded him of the Deutscher girls he had seen who live way down on the Rhine with their long blonde hair and pretty curls. He asked her who she was. She replied: 'I'm a friend of a friend of a friend of a friend, but you don't know me.' Which was a strange response as Adam didn't think he had that many friends, just one or two people he knew.

MAGAZINE OF THE DOMINATION

One day he met a guy in Hampstead who looked vaguely Mexican, or possibly Puerto Rican. People who knew him called him Juanito the Bandito because he had a scar on his left cheek. He was so unctuous you could probably light up a beacon on him. To Adam he came across as something of a pimp, the way he kept telling him about all these girls who worked for him. He told him there was one special girl called Jordan. She was a bit on the large size but very accommodating—if you know what I mean—and that she was very interested in Adam, having seen him every morning when she was getting the bread from the local delicatessen. He thought to himself, 'That's okay. I don't mind a bit of fat fun. It must be all those cream buns she keeps eating.' But he did mind when he finally met her for every time she lifted up her arms there was a weird pong. 'What's that smell?' he wanted to ask her. Then he told himself, 'It doesn't matter, I guess.'

After awhile he got used to it. And they got on so well together they became more than just friends. A week later she invited him to stay at her guest house. One of the guests (Bobby Boy, a drummer in a local rock band) would be leaving soon as he was in a spot of bother. Therefore there would be a spare room. She wouldn't charge him either, as long as he did her a favour now and then, she suggested with a wink. She phoned him up the next day and told him he could now move in. 'What happened to the drummer?' he asked her. 'Oh, you can kiss the drummer goodbye. He left this morning.' Adam eagerly snapped at the chance of living with Jordan. So the same day he packed his bags, left his old place and moved in with her. As he was staying with her for free he decided to buy her a present, just a token of his appreciation. He bought her a small bottle of Christian Dior, thinking it would help to cover up her B.O., especially when they got intimate. She gladly accepted it and took him to her bedroom...

Adam and Jordan soon developed a strong, trusting relationship, especially when they went to bed. It was quite clear straight away that she was the dominant type who liked to go on top. Adam, being shy and less experienced, didn't mind at all her taking charge. He would quite happily lie there and whisper, 'Take me. I'm yours, yours, yours.' But it got to the point where each time they made love like that he felt as if he was being crushed between her huge thighs. He had to stop her once and uttered, 'I really do like you, but you're so physical. Can't you be a little gentler sometimes?'

BITCH

Volume Two, Number Five
IN THIS BIZARRE FE:
SPIKE HEELS, BODY
NEW MID ILLUSTR
FICTION, FACT, &
PLUS:
The SHINY SHIN
POWERFULLY

'I thought you liked women who were physical'

'Not that physical,' he rebutted. 'It's so hard.'

'Then let's try something else. How about a bit of bondage?'

'You mean, like tying people up and getting beaten?'

'Uh-huh. I always like to beat my guest.'

'And I always like to carry a whip in my valise,' he joked. 'So we can do a whiplash dance.'

She laughed. 'No. But what about rubber? Do you know anyone who's into rubber?'

'I don't know any rubber people,' he replied.

'I know talent when I see it. And I can see you're into something.'

'What do you mean?' he asked her, quizzically.

'There, that mark on your arm. Where did you get that from?'

'Oh, this red scab here. It's an old love-bite. It went septic ages ago and never healed properly. It was a present from my first girlfriend.'

'Oh? And what was your first girlfriend called?'

'Cleopatra.'

'Nice name. It's a wide mark.'

'She had a wide mouth.'

He then told her he wasn't into bondage and would prefer to keep their relationship straight and simple.

'Shame,' she replied. 'Because I've got a nice little human bondage den downstairs, reserved only for those I think are special. You'll be privileged.'

AT THE BIZARRE MUSEUM

WITH 22 DRAWINGS

What do you mean you don't like this story, you stupid girl. Don't you understand it's meant to be funny!



Again, he declined. It wasn't his thing, he told her.

'Then, I'll have to think of something else,' she whispered in his ear, and nibbled his earlobe gently.

So the following night she suggested they change the scenery, do it somewhere different, anything to get away from the boring old in-out-in-out routine in bed. He wasn't quite sure what she had in mind as she took him by the hand and started taking him up the stairs, not to her bedroom, but to her bathroom instead.

'What we doing here?' he asked her.

'Why, haven't you ever done it in a bathroom before?'

'Oh, I see. We're going to change the bedroom function into a bathroom function?'

'Precisely,' she cooed. 'Now fall in.'

He did what he was told and had the best sex of his life. He was so excited afterwards he was practically climbing up the walls.

Over the next few days everything was going swell until he was introduced to another guest who was staying with Jordan. The man had just finished eating an omelette. Adam could tell because there was still some of it on his shirt, round his mouth, and bits stuck to that silly moustache of his. In fact, it was all over his face. Instinctively, Adam didn't like him, or the fact that he would be sharing Jordan with this stranger.

He took Jordan aside and asked her who the creep was.

'His name's Lou,' she told him. 'He's one of the Jubilee boys.'

'I don't like him.'

'Why not? What's wrong with him?' she asked, concerned.

'I dunno. It's just that I was told to never trust a man with egg on his face. Beside, baby, he wears white socks. I mean, who on earth wears white socks these days?'

'Dirk wears white socks,' she replied.

'Don't bring my heroes into this.'

'Okay, then why don't we just talk about it over here by the dinner table?'

'I'm all out of table talk, babe.'

'Okay, then why don't you just copy what he does?'

'What do you think I am? A Xerox machine!'

'What? Don't you like the idea? Is it against your religion or something?'

'No, it's just that today is a Catholic day, and I always rest on a Sunday.'

'Well, what do you expect me to do about him? I know he's not particularly good looking, but what else can we do?'

'Some plastic surgery wouldn't go amiss.'

'Now you're being facetious.'

After a somewhat lengthy lovers' tiff Jordan was so miffed she walked off in a huff. She grabbed her car keys and started heading for the door. She slammed it so hard Lou heard it in the kitchen and came out to see what was going on.

'Where's Jordan going?' Lou asked him.

'She's probably going back to Cindy.'

'Oh, I see.'

'Why, what's the problem?'

'Some punk in the supermarket, a Sainsbury girl, sold me this junk,' he replied, holding a big bag of coffee beans to Adam's face. 'What do I do with this, man?'

Adam looked at him as if he was stupid. 'You let it boil in the bag, man!'

Then they heard the front door open and watched Jordan storming back towards them. 'Ooh, that Max convertible Dad bought me!' she started shouting at them. 'Now the bloody thing won't start.'

'Car trouble? Just give it a kick,' Adam told her calmly.

'I've already tried that. It failed. I'll have to plan something else.'

'How many plans have you got?' he asked her jokingly.

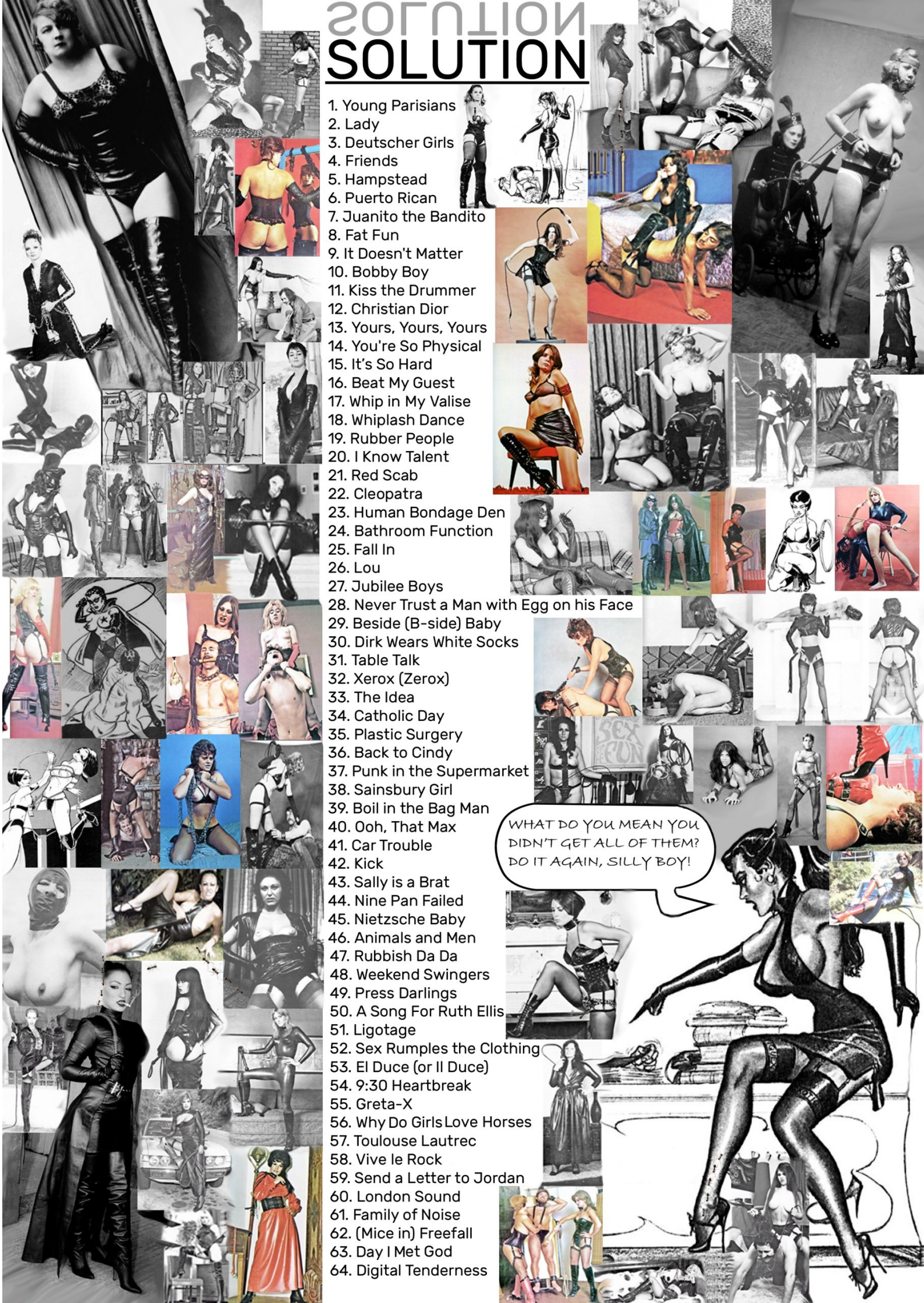
GARCIA

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T FIND ANY, EIT KEEP LOOKING YOU STUPID GIRL!

COGNITION SOLUTION

1. Young Parisians
2. Lady
3. Deutscher Girls
4. Friends
5. Hampstead
6. Puerto Rican
7. Juanito the Bandito
8. Fat Fun
9. It Doesn't Matter
10. Bobby Boy
11. Kiss the Drummer
12. Christian Dior
13. Yours, Yours, Yours
14. You're So Physical
15. It's So Hard
16. Beat My Guest
17. Whip in My Valise
18. Whiplash Dance
19. Rubber People
20. I Know Talent
21. Red Scab
22. Cleopatra
23. Human Bondage Den
24. Bathroom Function
25. Fall In
26. Lou
27. Jubilee Boys
28. Never Trust a Man with Egg on his Face
29. Beside (B-side) Baby
30. Dirk Wears White Socks
31. Table Talk
32. Xerox (Zerex)
33. The Idea
34. Catholic Day
35. Plastic Surgery
36. Back to Cindy
37. Punk in the Supermarket
38. Sainsbury Girl
39. Boil in the Bag Man
40. Ooh, That Max
41. Car Trouble
42. Kick
43. Sally is a Brat
44. Nine Pan Failed
45. Nietzsche Baby
46. Animals and Men
47. Rubbish Da Da
48. Weekend Swingers
49. Press Darlings
50. A Song For Ruth Ellis
51. Ligotage
52. Sex Rumples the Clothing
53. El Duce (or Il Duce)
54. 9:30 Heartbreak
55. Greta-X
56. Why Do Girls Love Horses
57. Toulouse Lautrec
58. Vive le Rock
59. Send a Letter to Jordan
60. London Sound
61. Family of Noise
62. (Mice in) Freefall
63. Day I Met God
64. Digital Tenderness

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU
DIDN'T GET ALL OF THEM?
DO IT AGAIN, SILLY BOY!



CRASH! **BANG!** **WTF??**



MORAL: NEVER ACCEPT LIFTS FROM STRANGERS, ESPECIALLY NEUROTIC WOMEN WHO CAN'T DRIVE!

ANALOGS OF CONFUSION

BOOK ONE

How to become famous: kill as many people as possible in one day and you will be immortalised in media space for ever.

How to become bad: kill yourself.

How to become rich without trying: steal from everybody, including friends and family.

How to minimize global warming: wipe out 99% of the human race.

How to keep the bloodline pure: refrain from fornicating with outsiders.

How to save the NHS millions each year: never get cancer, never have an accident, never get AIDS or other infectious diseases, never smoke, drink, or get pregnant and stop eating.

How to control the escalating birth rate: make it illegal.

How to cut pollution: don't drive or use public transport.

How to reduce stress levels: don't go to work.

How to get on television: come up with something tacky, invent a device that is totally useless or possesses no talent whatsoever.

How to make people laugh: pretend to be a comedian and try to convince everyone you have a natural gift for repartee and wit. Or failing that, go and work for the BBC as a chatshow host who thinks he's funny when he isn't and get paid stupid money.

How to save Britain an absolute fortune: get rid of the monarchy.

How to be a hypocrite: go round killing innocent people in the name of your religion.

How to get ahead in society: have a long tongue.

How to become successful in your career: become a professional prostitute.

How to be an untrustworthy and disreputable person: become a landlord.

How to beguile yourself: become a Christian.

How to retain your integrity: don't work for companies that employ reprobates.

BOOK TWO

Conformity will get you nowhere.

Compliance is the science of saying yes.

Self-mythology is the only goal in life.

The urge to satisfy basic desires, or become drunk, is the same as to become bad, but on another level.

Have no heroes: the only heroically living person is you for having the guts to stay alive for as long as you have.

Intimacy breeds contempt.

Believe the impossible: you need it to have faith in life.

Be reasonable: demand everything.

Accept no substitutes: only that which is real can hurt you.

Trust no one, not even yourself.

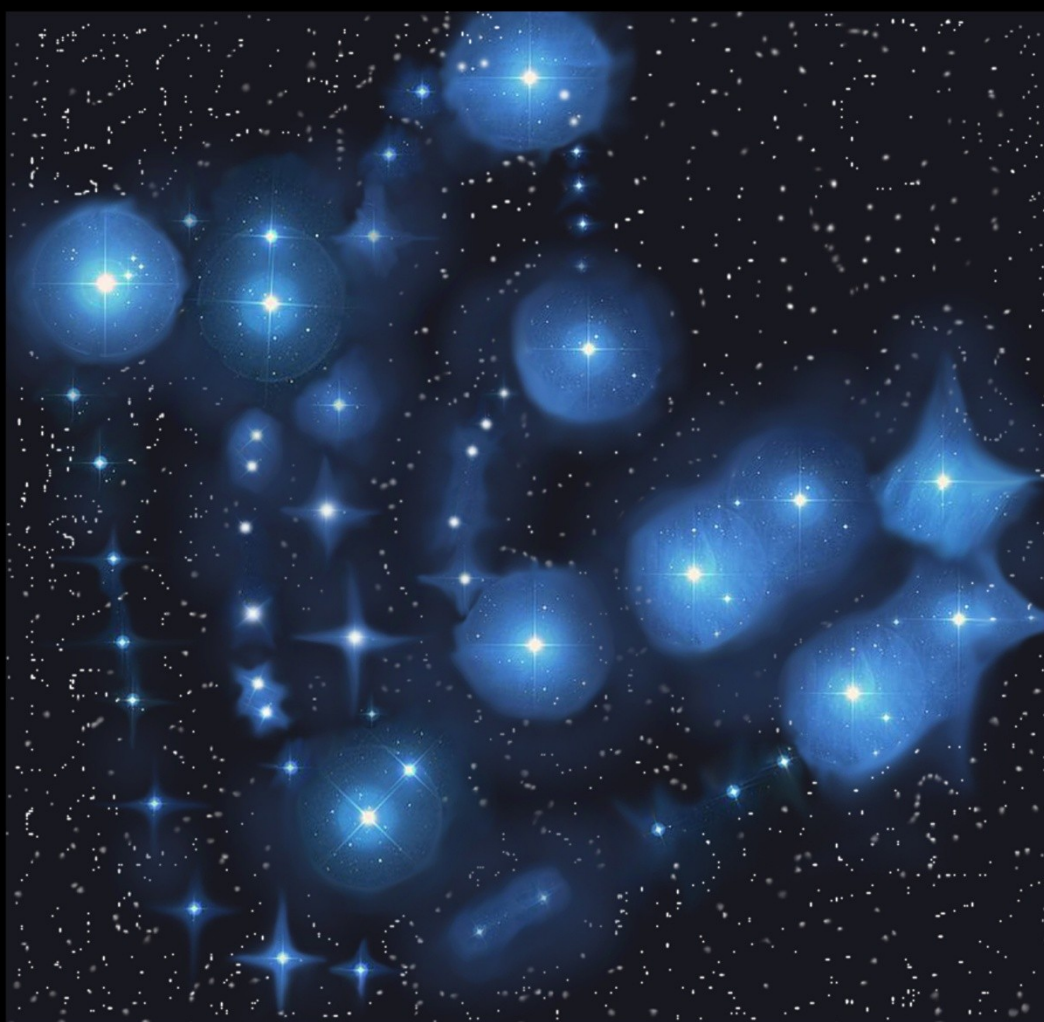
Only contortionists know how to kowtow perfectly.

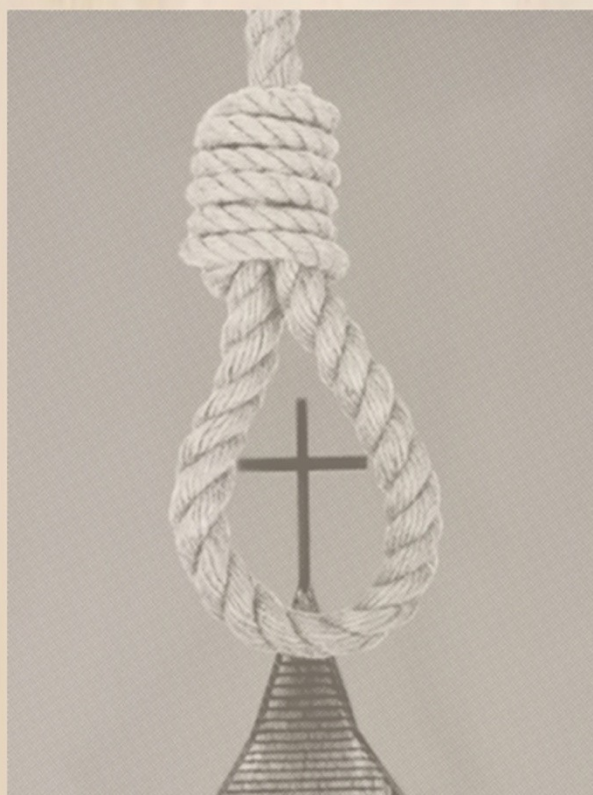
The man who believes in himself is the biggest fool.

A CASUAL ACT

DO IT AS AN ACT OF NECESSITY AS ONE WOULD VOID THE BOWELS—BUT IN THE LOVE OF GOD—THEN BACK TO WORK. NEITHER REJECT ONE'S OWN SEX, NOR ANY OTHER, NOR THE UGLY, THE WEAK, THE DEFORMED, BUT TRANSFORM THEM IN THE CRUCIBLE OF YOUR MIND INTO GODS—UNITE ECSTATICALLY WITH THEM—THEY ARE ALL CRIST TO THE MILL. BE NOT ATTACHED TO YOUR BODY EITHER—THINK THAT THESE VAGUE STRANGE COUPLINGS CONTAMINATE IT? THEY DO NOT! AS YOU ARE IMPARTIAL ABOUT YOUR PARTNERS, SO BE IT WITH YOUR BODY. IGNORE WOMEN WHO THINK THEIR VAGINAS ARE PRECIOUS—THEY ARE NOT. DESTROY THEM IF THIS FOOLISH NOTION PERSISTS. BUT ABOVE ALL, REMEMBER THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE IN ANY OF THE PARTNERS YOU ENGAGE WITH—ABSORB THEM INTO YOUR BEING—THEN YOU WILL BECOME ALL—THAT IS PANSEXUAL!

Black is the colour, there is no other. Black is pain, black as rain, black is the colour that reigns. Black as hex. Black as sex. black as death. Black as night, black is the absence of light. Black as the dark wood, black as my hood. Black as life, black as the knife that slips through my veins. Black caviar. Black car. Black bed. Black head. Black as dead. Black as the corpse hanging on my door. Black as the crow in the field. Black as the rook. Black as fuck. Black as cherry, olive, berry. Black as the liver of the drinker. Black as the lung of the smoker. Black as the winter. Black as negro, black nigger. Black as pubes. Black as tubes. Black is mort. Black abort. Black cats. Black mats. Black rats. Black is back. Black as sewers. Black as slaughter. Black as Satan's daughter. Black as All. Black as can be. Black as might. Black light. Black as thunder. Black as the hag. Black frog. Black dog. Black as your back, black as the fingers up your crack. Black as the headress, black virgin's mattress. Black as Khem, black as semen. Black as laughter. Black as God. Black as the Devil. Black attack. Black bitch. Black witch. Black dick. Black bacarrat. Black bar. Black as leather. Black as rubber. Black as my lover. Black whores. Black balls. Black that. Black this. Black as the Pope's piss. Black tragic. Black magick. Black coal. Black kohl. Black hole. Black pole. Black flag. Black mag. Black as Nuit, the consort of Hadit. Black as time. Black as the void. Black as my eye. Black as ink. Black is . . .





FIT FOR A HANGING?

The European Court of Human Rights has lobbied for the Pope to be brought before the courts for crimes against humanity.

As reported last week, Pope Francis, as head of the Catholic Church and sovereign of the Vatican City State, could be indicted to stand trial after the recent expose involving the unearthing of secret documents stored in the 'sacred vault' in the Vatican. News reached us that due to the Freedom of Information Act, the Vatican council was forced to comply with the change in recent regulations, enabling public investigators working on behalf of private clients to have full access to the documents stored in the vault. These highly sensitive documents, which were said to date back to the time of Christ's birth, have never been revealed to the public before. Most are written in either Hebrew or Aramaic, with only a handful in Latin. Also said to be included in this batch is his birth certificate, his apprenticeship served as a trainee carpenter, and other documents proving his existence. However, these latter were nowhere to be found.

A spokesperson for the Vatican claimed that they must have been removed prior to the vault's opening, yet the only person who could consent to such an action is the Pope himself, making him responsible for their absence.

The legal implications of their non-existence is manifold. Firstly, these papers were said to give proof that Jesus Christ existed. As these papers cannot be located, we have to assume they never existed in the first place. Their complete absence is detrimental to the Vatican notion of a real historical person going by that name. If he did not exist, then the Church has no right to either, and consequently it has been duping the public into believing in a person who never was a 'son of God,' who never was born from a virgin, and never died on the cross. And this deception has been going on for thousands of years.

See following pages for the full story.

Thursday May 28, 2015 The Daily Chronicle 10

A grand jury is set to convene tomorrow to decide what actual charges could be levelled at the Pope. So far a preliminary list includes: deception, fraud, beguilement, theft, murder, torture, and other numerous crimes too awful to mention.

If proved guilty, possibly for the wholesale manslaughter of millions of innocent victims in the name of Christianity, the actions of the Spanish Inquisitors, the Crusaders, Missionaries, the early Conquistadors, etc., being prominent examples, then Pope Francis is culpable. Along with all the other crimes he could be charged with, he may ultimately be accused of being one of the biggest crooks in human history, right up there with some of the greatest terrorists on this planet, like Osama bin Laden, or some megalomaniacal dictator. Saddam Hussein, Benito Mussolini, Adolf Hitler, amongst others, spring to mind. The Christ Conspiracy, as it is now called, could also prove to be one of the greatest deceptions imposed upon mankind, where innocent people in their multitudes have been beguiled, hoodwinked, conditioned, etc. into believing in a Christ who never existed, just so that the Church could gain not only a monopoly on power, with all its consequent wealth, but also on God himself.

This is another one of the scandals to have rocked the Vatican in the past few months. The Pope has already been accused of harbouring paedophiles amongst the clergy. Several bishops, archbishops, clerics, etc., have been accused by former choir boys of sexual assault.

The Pope has always denied any such allegations, claiming the boys were doing it out of spite or in retaliation against the strict regime and harsh penalties imposed upon them when acting on behalf of the Church. Although rumours were rife, the accusations have either been downplayed or dismissed altogether with the Pope remarking nonchalantly, 'Boys will be boys.'

But he cannot refute claims coming from outside of the Vatican. It has always been in the air, so to speak, but never fully or publicly divulged, that the Pope, in full disguise, has been known to frequent 'La Strada del Erecto,' a notorious red light district just outside of Vatican City, his age notwithstanding, or limiting his proclivities. He may dismiss these tales as wild and idle speculation, but last year hackers unearthed from encrypted files found on his laptop over 2000 indecent images of young girls, so accusations against the clergy, although in most cases are highly improbable, are not impossible.

This is not the first time such accusations have come to light. Only last year a renowned and respected bishop in Dublin was found guilty of child molestation against sixteen boys in the care of a hospital. The jury heard lurid descriptions of the priest fondling the boys when they were ill and lying in their beds. He denied ever touching them. But all the boys' stories were identical in detail, so it was unanimous he was guilty. He was sentenced to 16 years in prison, a year for each boy he assaulted. Since then more stories have started circulating, stemming from Ireland, also England, France, Italy, in fact most of Europe, with many coming from the Vatican itself.

If found guilty, Pope Francis could be hanged, drawn and quartered, not for treason like the conspiratorial gunpowder plotters against the monarchy in 1605, but against God. The European Court is already calling for the death penalty to be restored, and on this occasion, as in times of old, to take place in public.

Investigators said that it would never come to this and the actions of the Court could be curtailed if all the documents relating to Christ were to be unearthed and placed in their hands. Only then, when the documents are in their possession, and after testing for authenticity, with translations into English, German and French by experts, would they be satisfied and the Pope be let off and go scot-free.

In a recent interview on Italian TV, when the Pope was asked about these papers and their whereabouts, he simply replied 'Nessun commento,' i.e. 'No comment.'



THE ACCUSED: Pope Francis during happier times. His indictment and/or punishment could bring about the downfall of the Church.

From our European Correspondent

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

Late Edition
New York: Today, sunny, a few afternoon clouds. High 77. Tonight, slightly more humid. Low 65. Tomorrow, sun then clouds. High 81. Yesterday, high 81, low 63. Weather map, Page C18.

Vol. CLXIV ... 50,171

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 19, 2015

\$1 beyond the greater New York metropolitan area

60 CENTS

IT'S OFFICIAL: THE POPE IS TO BE TRIED FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY

POPE GOES IN TO HIDING

The Vatican refuses to let law enforcement officers enter the building, stating they have no power there. Only God has power inside, they claim, and only He can arbitrate justice.

A warrant was issued yesterday for the Pope's arrest on behalf of the European Court of Human Rights, and the millions of innocents who not only protested but also petitioned for the Pope to be brought to justice.

Pope Francis is believed to be ensconced inside and has not been seen by anyone for the past three days, ever since he went into hiding after the news broke.

The Vatican has now been told to hand him over within the next 24 hours. Failure to do so could mean a higher warrant would have to be expedited and the Swiss Guard, who normally serve as the de facto military of Vatican City, would be forced to root out the scoundrel and bring him personally to Strasbourg, France, to face the court.

One reporter claims Pope Francis has been laid up with the flu, and is

played to the side in the 2011-12 season.

POPE IS NOW ON THE RUN

Read our exclusive story on page 33.

POPE APPREHENDED AFTER BEING ON THE RUN FOR FOURTEEN DAYS.

POPE ABSCONDS AFTER HIGH ARREST WARRANT ISSUED

The Pope has once again evaded the law, this time scarpering to a secret location before the police arrived early at the Vatican this morning.

It is a continuing saga which seems to be getting worse every day, with each report sounding more and more likely that the Pope is guilty and attempting to evade capture like a common felon. One can almost imagine him climbing over the wall, tucking his robe between his legs, before jumping from the top, and landing his 83 year old frame safely on the ground.

The Vatican has issued a proclamation on behalf of the police requesting the Pope's return.

It might as well be an old 'Wanted' poster the sort you would expect to find in the Wild West, with a reward hanging over his head.

But as the Vatican is a law unto itself, asserting its own judicial rights, it may be for the better that he is on the lam. It now means, being outside, he can be treated like a fugitive. The public have been asked to keep a close lookout for any old men acting suspiciously in civilian clothing. Without a robe, cap, and glasses, Pope Francis may not be so easily identifiable. Information leading to his capture is expected to be rewarded, some sources stating in excess of 1m EUR.

AO 442 (Rev. 01/09) Arrest Warrant

1685216

EUROPEAN COURT OF HUMAN RIGHTS ISSUES THIS FORM on behalf of EUROPE, ASIA, NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

ECHR
v.

JORGE MARIO BERGOGLIO (AKA POPE FRANCIS)
Defendant

Case No. 09-2617 RLD

To: Any authorized law enforcement officer

YOU ARE COMMANDED to arrest and bring before a magistrate judge without unnecessary delay

(name of person to be arrested) JORGE MARIO BERGOGLIO

who is accused of an offense or violation based on the following document filed with the court:

- ☒ Indictment ☐ Superseding Indictment ☐ Information ☐ Superseding Information ☐ Complaint
☐ Probation Violation Petition ☐ Supervised Release Violation Petition ☐ Violation Notice ☐ Order of the Court

This offense is briefly described as follows:

Conspiracy to commit fraud, contrary to the Sovereign State; conspiracy to withhold information; conspiracy to evade justice and being a fugitive, resisting arrest, etc.; conspiracy to commit homicide and/or genocide, in violation of the following codes: 129899, 129900, 1299001, & 129902, with other felonies to be brought in after custody.

Date: 18/06/2015

City/state: STRASBOURG, FRANCE

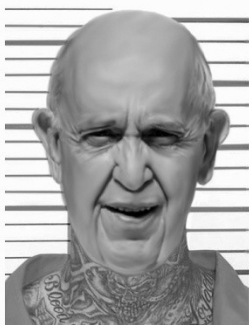
ROBERT L. DUBE
Issuing officer's sign
Printed name and title

Return

This warrant was received on (date) _____, and the person was arrested on (date) _____ at (city/state) _____

Date: _____ BY: _____ Arresting officer's sign

Printed name and title



AT LAST! BEHIND BARS, WHERE HE BLOODY WELL BELONGS!

X See our mock-up on the following page. Alternative versions welcome.



THE EVENT OF THE CENTURY

Preparations are already getting under way for the weekend's big event outside the Basilica in St. Peter's Square. After all the wrangling and political machinations, the day has finally been set. The go-ahead has been given. And the tickets are finally on sale. They are expected to sell out in seconds once they go online at midday today, and the turnout is going to run into the thousands, if not millions. The area has now been cordoned off. The gallows, installed at the start of the summer, will finally see some action. See p. 15 for a listing of the main events and the full breakdown of Saturday's spectacle.

-WANTED-

DEAD OR ALIVE



JORGE MARIO BERGOGLIO

AKA FRANCIS, THE POPE, ETC.

REWARD LEADING TO HIS CAPTURE: \$1,000,000

BAHLAST!! OMPEHDA!

9 3
X7
TO
MEGA
OMPI ON
66 X7
HMA
RAE
ET

~~SHIT~~
I SPIT ON YOUR CRAPULOUS CREEDS



2EM

BONDAGE

The Yoga of the West

HERE'S JUNGLE JANES' GUIDE TO THE VARIOUS BONDAGE ASANAS AS THEY ARE PRACTISED IN THE WEST. SHE RECOMMENDS THAT EACH ONE BE ATTEMPTED IN TURN TO DETERMINE THE ASANA THAT IS MOST COMFORTABLE AND CONDUCTIVE FOR ACHIEVING THE REQUISITE STATE.

1. The Ant



2. The Bat



3. The Cat



4. The Caterpillar



5. The Cobra



6. The Crab



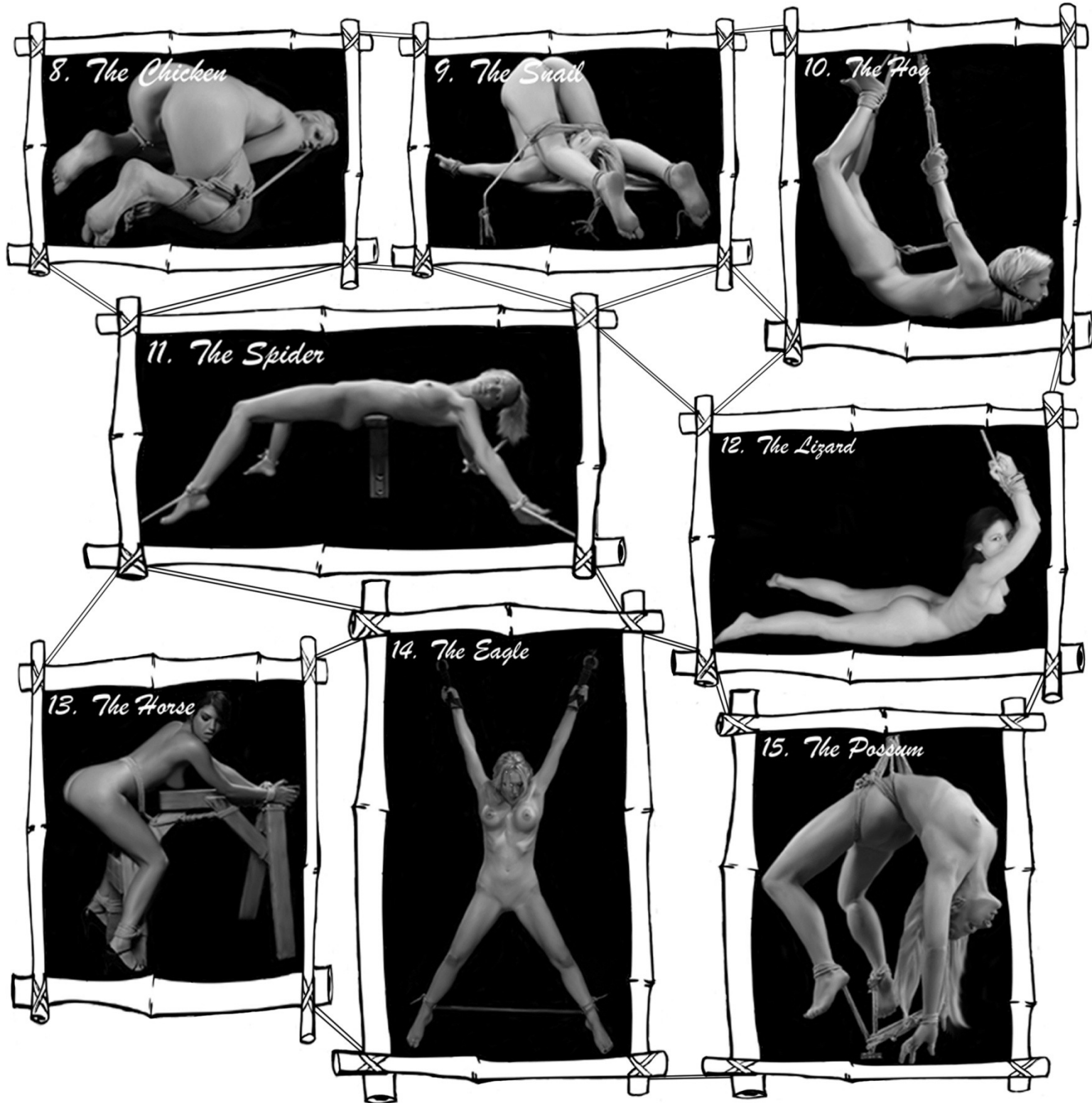
7. The Frog



BONDAGE

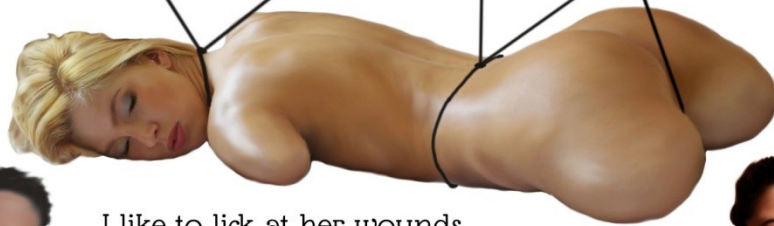
The Yoga of the West

CONT'D



THE ABOVE ARE REPRESENTATIVE OF SOME OF THE SIMPLE ASANAS. THERE ARE, HOWEVER, FAR MORE ADVANCED ONES ONLY TO BE CARRIED OUT UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A FULL BONDAGE MASTER/MISTRESS. FOR MORE INFO, CONSULT JUNGLE JANES' LITTLE BOOK BONDAGE: THE YOGA OF THE WEST, AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD BOOKSHOPS. OR CALL 555 6969 418 TOLL FREE FOR YOUR OWN PERSONALLY SIGNED COPY. CHARGE: \$10 (INC. SHIPPING).

MY FAVOURITE AMPUTEE



I like to lick at her wounds
Like the one between her legs
To get my tongue up there
So I can taste her lovely eggs

But she always gives me the hump
When she won't let me suck her stump

I like to lap up the pus as it flows
From any of her holes I can probe
I'm happy marvelling at her mucus
Or seeing her varicose veins explode

But she always gives me the hump
When she won't let me suck her stump

I like to wallow in her piss
Or bathe in her creamy excrement
Or playing with her entrails
If she can stand the excitement

But she always gives me the hump
When she won't let me suck her stump

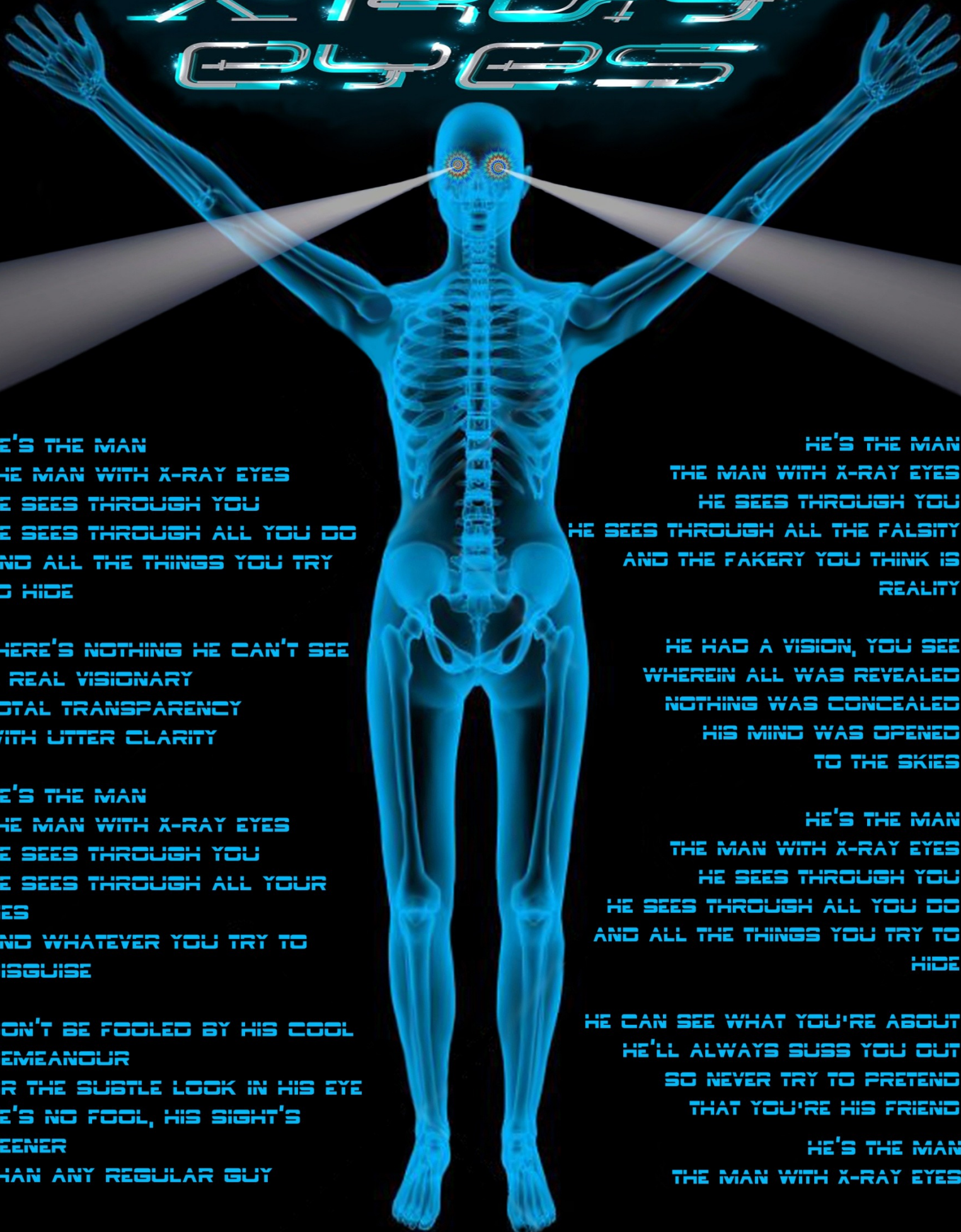
I like to gloat on her festering flesh
Jabbing my fingers in her open sores
Caressing what's left of her empty sacks
Yet it's my tongue she really adores

But she always gives me the hump
When she won't let me suck her stump

And when she leaves me on my own
I'm content just chewing on her bone



THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES



HE'S THE MAN
THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES
HE SEES THROUGH YOU
HE SEES THROUGH ALL YOU DO
AND ALL THE THINGS YOU TRY
TO HIDE

THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN'T SEE
A REAL VISIONARY
TOTAL TRANSPARENCY
WITH UTTER CLARITY

HE'S THE MAN
THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES
HE SEES THROUGH YOU
HE SEES THROUGH ALL YOUR
LIES
AND WHATEVER YOU TRY TO
DISGUISE

DON'T BE FOOLED BY HIS COOL
DEMEANDOUR
OR THE SUBTLE LOOK IN HIS EYE
HE'S NO FOOL, HIS SIGHT'S
KEENER
THAN ANY REGULAR GUY

HE'S THE MAN
THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES
HE SEES THROUGH YOU
HE SEES THROUGH ALL THE FALSITY
AND THE FAKERY YOU THINK IS
REALITY

HE HAD A VISION, YOU SEE
WHEREIN ALL WAS REVEALED
NOTHING WAS CONCEALED
HIS MIND WAS OPENED
TO THE SKIES

HE'S THE MAN
THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES
HE SEES THROUGH YOU
HE SEES THROUGH ALL YOU DO
AND ALL THE THINGS YOU TRY TO
HIDE

HE CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT
HE'LL ALWAYS SUSS YOU OUT
SO NEVER TRY TO PRETEND
THAT YOU'RE HIS FRIEND

HE'S THE MAN
THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES

DILDOS ARE FOREVER

Dildos are forever, they are all I need to please me
They can stimulate and tease me
They won't give up in the night
I've no fear that they might hurt me

Dildos are forever, hold one up and then caress it
Touch it, stroke it and deeply press it
It can touch every part, nothing else reaches to the heart
Of me!

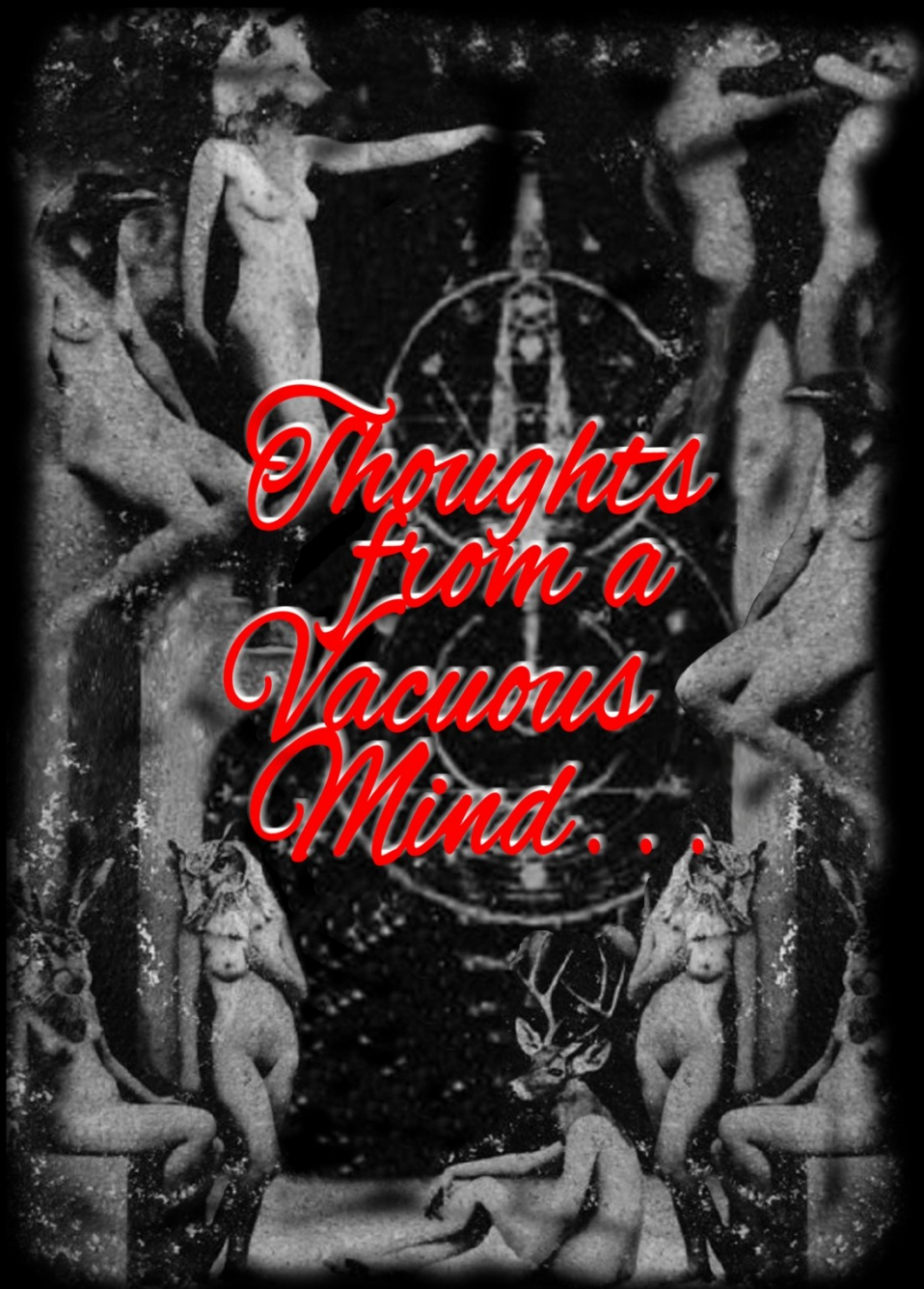
I don't need love, for what good will love do me?
Dildos never fail on me
Unlike vibrators, they just keep going on

Dildos are forever, much better than my fingers
Unlike vibrators, a dildo lingers
A dead vibrator is not worth going to your grave for

I don't need love, for what good will love do me?
Dildos never fail on me
For when love's gone, they just keep going on

Dildos are forever, forever, forever and ever

*Thoughts
from a
Vacuous
Mind...*



PAN AS DNA!

WRITING IS A DISGUSTING HABIT, LIKE THAT OTHER HABIT
WHICH SEEKS TO BRING RELIEF FROM TENSION, AND
EQUALLY HARD TO KICK

WE ARE ALL PREY TO A CARNIVOROUS GOD

THE WORLD IS NOT YOUR OYSTER; IT IS A VAGINA
EVER WAITING TO BE FUCKED

DEGENERATION IS THE NAME OF MY GAME

DWELL EMBITTERED LUST
TURNING MY SOUL TO DUST

CULTIVATE CYNICISM; IT IS YOUR BEST ASSET AGAINST THE
FIGHT OF THE BOURGEOISIE

KNOW YOUR LIFE IS A JOKE: DEATH THE FINAL CHOKE

TIRED OF DYING EVERY DAY, EVERY MORNING,
EVERY NIGHT, WHEN SLEEP NEVER INTERVENES

LIKE A VORACIOUS WHORE DEVOURING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT
I GIVE HER ALL I CAN, ALL THAT IS MINE, ALL THAT I MIGHT

GOD IS NOTHING BUT A POINT OF LIGHT, PURE ENERGY;
EVERYTHING ELSE IS BUT A REFLECTION

THE MOST SURREAL OF PAINTINGS ARE NOT THE ONES
PAINTED BY DALI, ERNST, MIRO, ETC., BUT BY THOSE
WHO ARE GENUINELY INSANE

NOTHING TO VANQUISH
NOTHING TO REMIT
NOTHING TO DECEIVE
NO SINS TO ADMIT

NO YESTERDAY
NO TODAY
NO TOMORROW
ONLY NOW
AND FOREVER
ECSTATIC UNBOUNDED
BY CHAINS OR KARMA

COME WALK WITH ME INTO THE INFINITE
THE ENDLESS VOID
LET'S PARTAKE OF ALL THAT THERE IS
JOY, JOY, AND MORE JOY

HOT? COLD? PLEASURE? PAIN? HEAVY? LIGHT? ALL THESE
BECOME MEANINGLESS WHEN OUT OF THE BODY. THEN THERE
IS NO LIFE. THERE IS NO DEATH. THERE IS ONLY IS. NO FEAR;
NO HEARTACHE; NO LOSS; NO DESPAIR, GOING FROM ONE
PLACE TO NOWHERE

I AM SO WEARY OF THE CURSE OF LIVING, THE ENDLESS/
AIMLESS TORTURE, THE TUMULT AND FEARS; ITS BEEN GOING
ON FOR YEARS AND YEARS

MY BIRTH IS IMMINENT
MY RE-APPRAISAL NEXT

I CUT, I BIND
TWISTING THE KNIFE DEEP
TILL THE FETTERS ARE SEVERED
AND ALL IS MINE

WITH THE KNIFE DID I CUT THEE
WITH THE CHAIN DID I BIND THEE
WITH THE WHIP DID I FLAY THEE
WITH THE SLING DID I PLEASE THEE

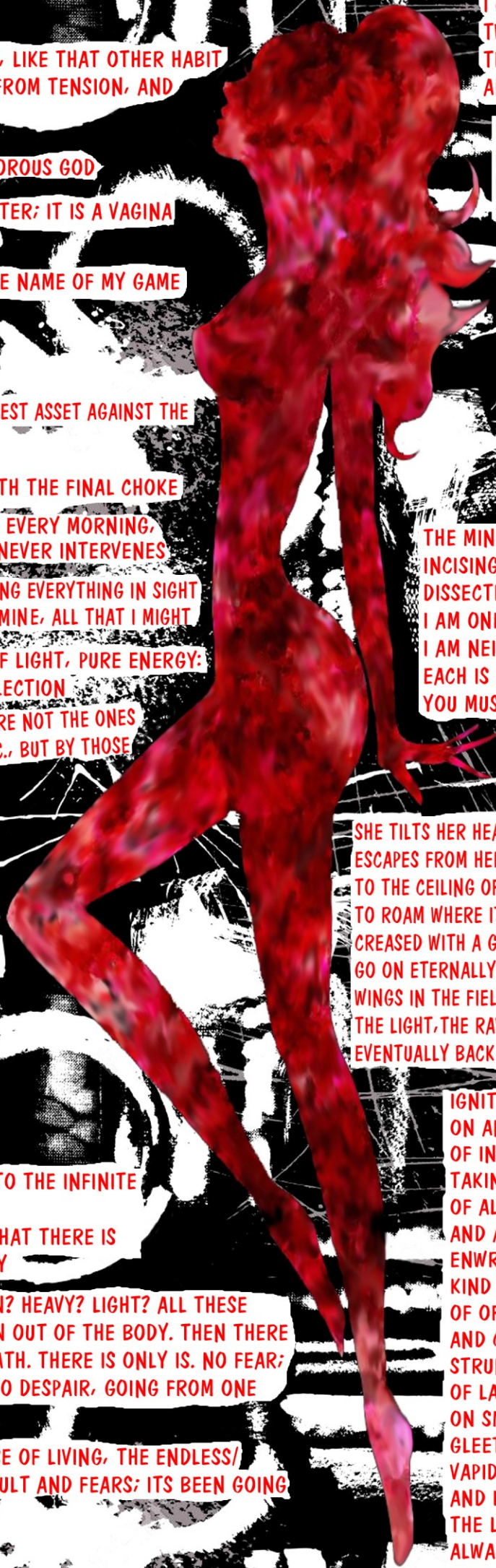
WITH ALL PLEASURABLENESS
THE SWEETEST KISS
IS NOT ECSTASY THE TASTE OF DEATH
A FAINT WHISPER OF THE LAST BREATH
UTTERED WITHOUT A WORD
A COMING IN THY PANTS
THOU CAME WHEN THOU WENT
THY SOUL SLIPPED SIDWAYS
A RESPIRATION, A SIGH
WHEN THOU GAINED ALL IN THAT HOUR

THE MIND IS A KNIFE, CUTTING ME DEEP INSIDE
INCISING MY BRAIN, SCARIFYING MY MIND
DISSECTING EACH THOUGHT, EACH BELIEF
I AM ONE NOT TWO
I AM NEITHER THIS NOR THAT
EACH IS AN ILLUSION
YOU MUST KNOW THAT

I HATE YOU, I DESPISE YOU
I LOVE YOU, AND LOATHE YOU

SHE TILTS HER HEAD BACK, EMITTING A FAINT WHISPER; IT
ESCAPES FROM HER PURSED LIPS. WEB OF CHAINS BIND HER
TO THE CEILING OF HER SOUL. HER MIND NOW UNFETTERED
TO ROAM WHERE IT GOES. HER LOVE UNSOLD, HER FACE
CREASED WITH A GRIMACE OF DELIGHT. A NIGHT THAT COULD
GO ON ETERNALLY UNTIL WE TAKE FLIGHT, LIFTING UP OUR
WINGS IN THE FIELDS OF NIGHT, MELTING IN THE HEAT OF
THE LIGHT, THE RAVENOUS SCORCH OF ITS GLARE, DISSOLVING
EVENTUALLY BACK INTO NORMALITY

IGNITE ME, SET ME ADRIFT
ON AN ENDLESS OCEAN
OF INFINITE BLISS
TAKING ME BEYOND REALITY
OF ALL OTHERNESS, OF LIFE AND DEATH
AND A LAST FINAL CARESS
ENWRAPPED IN STUFFY EMBRACES
KIND WORDS FROM CRUEL FACES
OF OFT HEARD DALIANCES
AND CORPSE-RIDDEN CARRION BIRDS
STRUNG UP ON ECSTASY
OF LAUGHTER AND SOULFUL TEARING
ON SMEAR-STAINED SHEETS
GLEET-SOAKED CLOTHES
VAPID VAPOURS
AND IDOLISED BLOWS
THE LAST TOMORROW
ALWAYS COMES TOO SOON
AND A DEATH I DIED A LONG TIME AGO



STRAP ME IN YOUR HARNESS
TEACH ME YOUR SECRET WAY
YOUR DISOBEDIENT SERVANT
FULL OF DISASTER AND DISMAY
FULL OF RUIN, A CATALYST FOR PROMISE
AND A TEMPLE BUILT TOO SOON
A NIGHT OF TORTURE
UNDER A WANING MOON

THE WINE OF THE ALCOHOLIC
ALWAYS RUNS OUT EARLY ON
HEAVEN IS A BOTTOMLESS BOTTLE
CONSTANTLY RE-FILLING BY WILL ALONE

IMAGINATION? I HAVE NONE
ONLY IMAGES TO PLAY WITH
THE BOGUS MEANDERINGS OF A MUNDANE MIND
A SILKEN-WRAPPED SOUL OF A DIFFERENT KIND

UNDER THE STARS, WE'LL GO ON A ROLLERCOASTER RIDE
A NIGHT OF PLEASURE WITH MY POISONED ELFIN BRIDE

ENSLAVE ME
ENCHAIN ME
BIND ME TO YOUR HEEL
HEAL MY WOUNDS

INFLECTED BY YOUR VAPID TONGUE
THEN LICK MY SCARS CLEAN
EMBED ME IN A BED OF HARLOTRIES
FILLED WITH PHALIC IDOLATRIES

I'LL MEET YOU AT DAWN
WE'LL PLAY TOGETHER
AMONGST THE NYMPHS AND FAWNS
DANCING IN THE WEB-LIKE SPIN
AN ARACHNID INSPIRED DEVIL'S DIN

TO TASTE THE ICHOR OF THE GODS
OUR IMMACULATE PRECONCEPTIONS
OUR IMMORTAL SPLENDOURS TURN TO DUST
OUR FEET UNSHOD
TREADING THE MINDSPACE
BEYOND THE PRECARIOUS PARAPET
PLUNGING INTO THE ABYSS
LOSING ALL WE THOUGHT OURSELVES TO BE
ONLY FINDING THEREIN OURSELVES AS DEITY
DISSOLVING IN THE CRACKS
POURING THROUGH THE VEILS
CONSCIOUSNESS IS LIGHT
AND BEYOND MORTAL SIGHT

OH HEART OF ME
OH HEART OF MY MOTHER
SWORN BY THE TONGUE
THAT UTTERED POISON
DROOLING FROM LIPS
INK STAINING NEW SKIN
REVEALS HARSHNESS
YET UNTOUCHED

IT IS THE MENSTRUATION OF THE EARTH
AN INCIPIENT BEGINNING, A NEW BIRTH
RE-COAGULATING AFTER SOLVENT TRYSTS
MARKS ON YOUR BODY, SCARS ON YOUR WRISTS

WE CANNOT LIBERATE A THOUGHT IN AN ABORTIVE CULTURE
STEEPED IN RUIN AND DECAY. WE MUST WAIT FOR A NEW DAY
TO BEGIN WHEN THE SHACKLES ARE THIN AND MIND IS FAR FROM DISMAY

THE MARK ON MY ARM
A SIGN OF THE TIMES
JUST DANGLING IN SPACE
HANGING FROM LIMB TO LIMB
NOW PREY TO EVERY WHIM

WE ENTERED IN ERECT
OUR BROWS UNFURLED
OUR MINDS ENHEARTENED
OUR BODIES UNCURLD

IMBIBING DEATH
REJECTING LIFE
SUPPING BREATH
INJECTING ICE

WORSHIP THE WHIP, EMBRACE THE SLING
THEN WITH THIS KNIFE WE CUT IN TWO
ALL THOSE CHAINS THAT BIND ME TO YOU

FEED ON MY FLESH
TILL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT
I DISAPPEAR INSIDE YOU
MY SELF LOST AND BEREFT

THE INK-STAINED SPATTERED SKIES
AN INVITATION, WIDE OPEN THIGHS
RECOILING AND UNCOILING
UNWINDING DEEP INSIDE

A FURROWED BROW
ETCHED WITH BLOOD
LEAD ON THE MIND
AND LIQUIFIED MUD

EACH FLICKERING IMAGE
EACH GHOST OF THOUGHT
WHICH CRADLES YOUR BODY
AS YOU BECOME NOUGHT
SENDS A SHIVER DOWN YOUR SPINE
UNCOILING ANCESTRAL MEMORIES
MENSTRUAL NIGHTMARES, AGONIES
THE BLOOD OF THE MOON
WETTING THESE TEARS
SOFTENING MY VOICE

WE CAME IN FROM THE COLD
AND WARMED OUR BODIES AGAINST
THE FIRE OF YOUR ETERNAL LUST
YOUR LOINS DRENCHED US IN SWEAT
THE HEAT OF YOUR FIRE
THE LOVE OF YOUR DEATH
THE EXUBERANCE OF YOUR GLANCE
THE STEEL OF YOUR EYES
THE WARMTH OF YOUR EMBRACE
AS YOU SUCK US INSIDE

YOU'RE A FLESH GODDESS
ALSO A BRILLIANT POINT OF LIGHT
CAUGHT ON A RAPTURE
EVER READY TO IGNITE
BURN, BURN, BURN
BURN UP YOUR SOUL IN A WORD
IN ONE IMMORTAL IMAGE
GET SET TO TAKE FLIGHT
LIKE A JEWELLED HARLOT
AN ABOMINATION OF SIN
A COCKTAIL OF UNCULTURE
WAITING FOR US TO GIVE IN

WHAT IS THERE TO BELIEVE BUT SELF
WHAT IS THERE TO THINK BUT NOUGHT
WHAT IS THE NATURE OF MYSTERY
WHAT ELSE IS CAN BE TAUGHT



THE SAGACITY OF MY SOUL
FOR YEARS OFT UNTOLD
YET TO BE ETCHED IN MY SKIN
A BEGINNING WITHOUT THE BEGIN
ONLY FAINT TRACKS OF ANCESTRAL MEMORIES
A JOYLESS CONVENTION, USEFUL ABSURDITIES

A SITE OF PAIN
A SITE OF PLEASURE
WHERE DO WE BEGIN
A NOISELESS SILENCE
LET THE SOBRIETY IN

A JOKE, A SPAWN
A NAME YOU PAWNED
FROM A VACANT LOT
AN IMAGE SELF-BEGOT

A USELESS STRING OF OPINIONS
A CRUEL BINDING OF FACTS
HAVING NO MIRTH OR WORTH
NO WEIGHT FOR ALL YOUR ACT

I SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU
AND ALL THAT YOU DO
I KNOW YOU NOT
I KNOW NOT WHAT
OR WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE
YOUR FANTASY IS
TO BURN AS A STAR
BRILLIANT AND WHITE
VIEWABLE FROM AFAR

WHEN I SEE YOU
THERE IS NOTHING TO SEE
I SEE YOU NOT
AN ILLUSION BEGOT
IN A SMOTHER OF HOPE
NOW A FADING MEMORY

A GODDESS INCARNATE
A CHASTISED WHORE
A VIRGIN OF PURPLE
AND OUR LADY OF WAR

BREAKDOWN THE DEVILS CUP
AN ABOMINATION OF LIES
A HELL SCREW OF TORTURED BRIBES

ALL WORDS ARE REDUNDANT: ONLY
THAT WHICH CANNOT BE SAID IS TRUE

YOU KNOW, ALL THIS ANATOMY
REINFORCES THE DICHOTOMY
WE SHOULD BE ONE NOT TWO

SELF-FULFILMENT IS NOT ONLY NECESSARY,
IT IS A NOBLE TASK

A FROTHING CAULDRON OF FIRE
THERE'S BLOOD FLOWING DOWN HER LEGS
THE LAST VESTIGES OF MEN
BITTEN BY HER SORE TOUCH
THE RESULT OF THEIR DEVOTION
TO UNKNOWN ABYSMAL SCHEMES

WE'RE GOING TO PEEL AWAY YOUR SKULL
AND EXPOSE YOUR MIND, YOUR MIND

IF THE WAGES OF SIN ARE DEATH
I AM QUITE HAPPY TO PAY MY WAY

CHAOS ALL AROUND ME
THE WHOLE WORLD FALLING APART
EVERYTHING IS BROKEN
EVERYTHING SMARTS
BUT IT ALL FALLS INTO PLACE
WHENEVER I SEE YOUR FACE

MY DIVA WAS A DIVA
SIMPLY DIVINE
NO ONE COULD TRAIN HER
OR RESTRAIN HER MIND
CUZ NO ONE TOOK THE TIME

SEX-BEAST
HIGH-PRIEST
FLESH-FEAST
OF THE NIGHT

CHAIN ME TO THE WHEEL OF PAIN
OF PLEASURE, LET IT BEGIN
SEE IT SPIN, SEE IT SPIN
EVER REVOLVING, BLUR OF FEELINGS
A CONSTANT STATE OF UNKNOWING
EVER REVOLVING, REVOLVING
SEE IT SPIN, SEE IT SPIN
PAIN? PLEASURE?
HEREIN ARE ALL THINGS EMBRACED
A DAZZLING DISPLAY OF MISCONCEPTIONS
A LIAR IS AT YOUR HEEL
WAITING FOR A SCREAM

CREATE A MYTH ABOUT YOURSELF THEN DESTROY IT
BEFORE THE INEVITABLE REPUTATION SETS IN

IF ENERGY IS THE CAPACITY TO DO WORK, THEN FORCE IS
THE CAPACITY TO DO DAMAGE - A LOT OF DAMAGE

SHE SAYS: I AM WITHOUT YOU, WITHIN YOU,
I AM ALL AROUND YOU
SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME, FUCK ME

ALL ART IS HOLY, FOR EVERYTHING PARTAKES
OF DIVINE CREATION THUS MAKING THEM SACRED

I AM A MYSTERY UNTO MYSELF

AND ALSO AN ENIGMA TO EVERYBODY ELSE

BUT I HAVE LIVED, AND NOT LIVED IN VAIN

MY CONCHITA
I WANNA BEAT HER
UNTIL SHE'S BLACK AND BLUE

MY BONITA
I WANNA EAT HER
AND YOU WOULD WANT TO TOO

MY ENDORA
I ADORE HER
WHEN SHE WEARS HER BOOTS

MY PANDORA
I COULD ABHOR HER
IF SHE WEREN'T SO CUTE

SHE OPENS HER LEGS IN ECSTASY
UNFURLING HER LABIA-WINGS
THE WINGS OF NIGHT
BRINGING FORTH HER CHILDREN
JEWELS OF HER BODY
STAINLESS STEEL
SPARKLING, GLISTENING
JUST LIKE STARS

YOU'RE MY LITTLE REGINA
WITH A VULVACIOUS VAGINA
AND A CUTE LITTLE BEHINDER
WE'RE GONNA REDESIGN YA

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE PRETTY
ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD
THEY JUST KEEP ME COMPANY
CUZ THEY'RE ALL IN MY HEAD

YOU WERE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR EASY KICKS
A LIFE TIME SPENT IN LEISURE
A LIFE TIME SUCKING DICKS

DARK ENERGY
HOW IT PROPELS ME ON
TOO MUCH SYNERGY
I BECOME UNDONE

HAVE TO KEEP MOVING
GOT TO STAY ALIVE
GOT TO HIBERNATE IN SPACE
IF I WANT TO SURVIVE

HOW ABOUT A LESSON IN YOUR ANATOMY
A LIQUEFACTION IN CEREBRAL PALSY
YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE SICK
BUT BABY IT AIN'T MY DESIGN

WE CAN DO AWAY WITH CHRIST BECAUSE WE ARE ALREADY
'THE CHRIST', THE SON OF GOD, THE LOGOS. HENCE THERE IS
EVERY REASON FOR US ALL TO BE ANTI-CHRISTISM.

IN THE DISTANCE I HEARD A SCREAM
I THOUGHT I SAW YOU DROWNING
I KNEW THAT I WAS ONLY DREAMING
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO GOOD FOR YOU

I AM BONOBO
I WISH YOU WERE BONOBO TOO

I STICK MY FINGERS IN YOUR POT
I PULL OUT RAZORS BURNING HOT

REEFER MADNESS
IT WON'T SAVE YOUR SOUL
IT WON'T CURB THE SADNESS
IT WON'T CURE YOUR COLD

COUGHING UP ON SMOKE
IT AIN'T NO JOKE

BURIED ALIVE IN MY SKULL
I'M LOOSE AND OUT OF CONTROL

GET THE JUICES FLOWING
AND HOLD ON TIGHT
WE'RE BORROWING YOUR BODY
JUST FOR TONIGHT

OH SYLVIA WHAT DO YOU DO
WHEN YOU GO HOME ALL ALONE
MAKING LOVE TO YOUR DOG
AND SUCKING ON HIS BONE

AND OUR MENSTRUATING CHILD
IS WAITING AT THE DOOR
LET HER IN, LET HER IN
OUR THELEMIC CHILD
KEEPS ASKING FOR MORE
DON'T GIVE IN, DON'T GIVE IN

IN THE DAWN OF THE ABYSS
WHEN I TASTE YOUR PISS
AND ALL ELSE IS REVEILED

IN THE WAREHOUSE OF PAIN
THERE IS NO GAIN
UNLESS YOU BUY WHOLESALE

WHAT DEPTHS WE SEEK LIE FURTHER IN A DEEPER SPACE
NO TIME TO CRY OUT OR INVENT AN ALTERNATIVE RACE

THE YEARNING OF THE YONI IS EQUAL TO, IF NOT
GREATER THAN, THE LENGTHENING OF THE LINGAM

THE FUTURIST HAS SEEN THE FUTURE;
NOT ONLY IS IT BLEAK, IT IS SHIT: THUS
THE FUTURE IS DEFINITELY CANCELLED

WE CANNOT FORMULATE A FEAST OF RELIGION
OR PLACE OUR TRUST IN VIRGIN OR PIGEON

THE GODS, THOSE INSCRUTABLE FORCES WHO
MOCK US AT EVERY TURN, WHO GIVE US HOPE
IN ONE HAND AND TAKE IT AWAY WITH THE OTHER.
DAMN THE GODS. I DESPISE THEM!

BLAKE'S ETERNAL DEATH

I WANT TO DIE ETERNALLY
IN BLAKE'S ETERNAL DEATH
TO STRIP OFF MY MASKS
AND DRAW MY LAST BREATH

TO DISSOLVE AND REJOIN
THE FIELDS OF LIGHT
BEYOND CORRUPTION
OUT OF THIS FLIGHT

I WANT TO SIGH ETERNALLY
LANGUISH AND THEN REGAIN
THE WORLD I HAVE LOST
NEVER BE BORN, OR LIVE
OR DIE AGAIN

NAKED FLAME

AS A NAKED FLAME
DO I DANCE BETWEEN
LABIA WINGS OF
THE SPACE GODDESS
AS SHE SPIRALS
LIKE DISTANT GALAXIES
THROUGH THE NIGHT

AS A NAKED FLAME
DO I FEED ON THE FUEL
OF HER OCEANIC VULVA
SPITTING FORTH RAYS
OF PURE FIRE
I AM EXTINGUISHED
IN HER LIGHT

THE LAW OF INTELLIGENCE

THOU WHO ART HIDDEN IN ALL
-CONCEALED
IN THE BLOSSOMING OF FLOWERS
AND FOLIATING TREES
IN THE PENUMBRAL BOWER
AND RELENTLESS SEAS

THOU IN ME AND I IN THEE
-REVEALED
IN THE SWIRLING ABYSS
AND ORBITING STAR
IN THE SACROSANCT CHRISM
AND THE DEATHLESS SOKAR

THOU WHOM I CALLED FROM AFAR
-APPEALED
IN THE PALPITATING HEART
AND REGULATING MIND
IN THE DIRECTED DART
AND THE ENDLESS FIND

THOU THE LAW OF ONE KIND
-REPEALED
IN MAN OF THIS INTELLIGENCE
AND ITS CENTRE IS AMISS
A FALLING DOWN TO NEGLIGENCE
A GROSS NATURE STILL REMISS

THOU THROUGH WHOM ONE KISS
I AM THEN HEALED

INFO-HIGHWAY

WE FLICK THE HIGHWAYS
INBETWEEN
INTERACTIVE JUNKIES
SURFER CYBER SPACED
FLUNKIES
TWISTED NERVES
NERVOUS WIRES
FUSED UP BRAINS
ENERGY EXCHANGERS
THIS WORLD REGAINED
IN A TWOFOLD FLASH
A FLICK OF A WRIST
A BUTTON PRESSED
IN NANOSECOND TIME
A CONCRETE RHYME
A MUSICAL DISCORD
A LIFE MADE SUBLIME
IN SPLIT-SCREEN TIME
AN AGE OF ETERNITY
OUR TRIPS IN INFINITY
STREWN INTO FRAGMENTS
LEAVING ABSENCES OF LIFE

FLESH ON FIRE

TAKE IT TO THE EXTREME
DON'T TAKE IT AS IT COMES
REVEL IN DARK OBSEENITIES
AND NEW FOUND IDOLATRIES
FRESH FLESH IS FUN

BLACK IS MY SOUL
THE BLOOD I CONSUME
THE BED OF MY HARLOT
THE LIGHT OF HER DEW

I ARISE, AND I WAKE
I AM BITTEN BY THE SNAKE
UNWINDING, UNCOILING
COMING ON STRONG
WHAT IS MY NATURE
WHAT IS MY SONG

WAS THAT LAUGHTER
OR JUST A BALEFUL BREATH
A WHISPER OF SORROWS
OR THE VEIL OF DEATH

ANCIENT
REMAINS

NEWS

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And finally News just in.

Royal privatisation Monarchy for Sale But who's going to buy?

The government announced today that the British monarchy is finally to be privatised in a bid to boost our funds. The USA has already shown an interest, but on

condition that the Queen abdicates and makes room for Prince Harry to take the throne. There is some cynical speculation that this is simply a move on America's part to get one of their own on the throne, and quickly; one must remember that Meghan, i.e Princess Meg, is of American citizenship.



Society admits such charges would be hard to prove unless there was compelling evidence, and at least 90% proof that her ideas were sourced from other works without due acknowledgement. The police have been asked to investigate. Meanwhile, Ms Rowling is taking a well-deserved break from her heavy work schedule of producing one book a year, and was last seen cruising the Mediterranean onboard her luxury yacht, the Jolly Roger. Very apt.

Potter piracy

Harry Potter author J. K. Rowling, in her new autobiography, *Confessions of a Plagiarist*, has admitted her literary creation was not of her own making.

The idea, it seems, was initially 'borrowed' from some obscure author's children's book about a young boy who discovers he's a famous magician.

When asked to name names, Ms

Rowling refused. She also remained reticent on the subject of magic, finally admitting she hadn't a clue what it was all about, and that her books were pure fantasy cribbed from other authors.

The Literary Society has demanded she gives recompense to her literary peers, at least a third of her half-billion fortune to the ones she stole from. As in any case of plagiarism, to use the term lightly, the

to waste when all these poor people are slumming it on the streets."

She then added: "Who knows, I might even offer them a mug of cocoa and tuck them up in bed meself," she jibed.

It should be noted, bedroom tax is not applicable to the Royals, although between them they have enough rooms to house 40 families comfortably, and if subject to the tax, the amount the Inland Revenue would receive would be in excess of 1 million GBP, or enough to feed 4000 people for over a year.

That's food for thought.

A royal sojourn

The Queen was last night seen strolling the streets of London and engaging in friendly banter with some of the city's homeless.

It was also rumoured she was offering temporary beds to anyone sleeping rough. When asked to confirm the rumour, in between taking swigs from a bottle of Gordon's, the Queen blithely replied: "Well I've got 57 spare bedrooms back at Bucks (i.e. Buckingham Palace) which aren't being used. It seems rather silly for them to go

Ultimate art?

Agent provocateur Damien Hirst has decided to go one step further to prove he is a true artist by cutting his head in half. The halves will go in two tanks of formaldehyde. The exhibit, tentatively entitled 'Two halves of my brain: or a chance encounter with genius,' is to go on show next year, we learn from a reliable source. Mr Hirst, who makes a fortune churning out products that he labels art, said it was his ultimate gift to the world for which we, the gullible public, should all be grateful. It may look like this (artist's mock up).


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AMERICA

A wall big enough?

Billionaire Bill Gates, in a recent interview on NBC, has stated he would gladly devote all of his fortune to building a wall round President Trump's estate to keep him in, permanently. The magnate's ire was recently roused by the President's tweets on his Twitter page. His desire is to silence Mr Trump, once and for all.

Wiki walkabout

Julian Assange, founder of Wikileaks, has been given a one-off golden



pass to the Pentagon. He will have full access to all their files, including sensitive data. The Secretary of Defense, Patrick Michael Shanahan, only recently appointed by the President, has reportedly stated he would actively encourage the Freedom of Information Act now that it has been passed into legislation, and this was just a magnanimous gesture on behalf of the US, demonstrating its willingness and openness to the world. "Mr Assange," he said, "is welcome and has full liberty to take whatever he wants. No more the cry of 'Published and be damned.' This is a democratic country, like anywhere else, for f**k's sake." Mr Assange was not available for comment, a spokesman said.



Hollywood hang-ups

Angelina Jolie, in her new book, *How I Lost My Tits in Hollywood*, claims she too was a victim of sexual assault by Bill Cosby late one night at an annual dinner. In it she says he inappropriately touched her knee whilst no one was looking and is now filing charges of sexual assault, aggravated assault, unwanted attention, amongst other charges too numerous to mention, and if convicted she could receive substantial damages, somewhere in the region of \$1 million. Mr Cosby, who currently denies all allegations, is counter-suing Ms Jolie, claiming that she deliberately brushed her breasts against him in a lift once. This incident was said to have occurred some time in her pre-op days when her assets were significantly larger, somewhere in

the region of \$45 million, prior to her charitable donations to worthy causes.

Her book, only released last month, is already riding high in the #MeToo bestsellers list, and has surpassed Pamela Anderson's tell-all account, *The Oldest Slapper in Town*, which also contains an anecdote about Harvey Weinstein, one of the most powerful producers in Hollywood. In it she claims he forced himself on her during a party, but has so far not taken the producer to court.

There seems to be a growing trend amongst Hollywood actresses where such claims are raised prior to their autobiographies being published. If we weren't so cynical, we could well believe it is all a ploy to boost sales.

GERMANY

Merkel mayhem

Angela Merkel proved she was no angel yesterday as she showed up at the peace summit sporting a black eye.

Apparently the night before she got into a heated argument with Russian premier Vladimir Putin after downing a few too many

vodkas. What started the argument is unclear, but one of her aides did remark that the conversation turned a bit nasty when they challenged each other to reveal who had the most tattoos. A bit of argy-bargy then ensued and fists started flying as each claimed they had more than the other. Putin was unhurt.

The two are no longer on speaking terms. The peace summit continued peacefully. No more fights broke out.



THE WORLD

Climate catastrophe

To curb climate change, and other environmental problems, families across the world are now being asked to reduce their waste to

an absolute minimum. Ministers are also considering bringing in tougher legislation by imposing a limit to the amount of children each family may have.

Scientists have also urged action to be taken as fewer people on this planet will mean fewer problems: the reduction by

a third of the population will drastically cut fuel emissions, etc. Also, significant indications prove population growth is one major causal factor towards the world's latest environmental crisis.

Campaigners, mostly women, have already started calling for action.

I'D SHAG THAT FOR A DOLLAR!

I'D EVEN SHAG THAT FOR A DOLLAR!

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NOTES TO THE FOREGOING

1. All lyrics reproduced in this book have been extracted from my own personal archive. The songs were originally written for a musical collective I was trying to get together (between 1994 to 2001) called Géh and the Azi Damp. Unlike a proper band, recording albums and touring, etc., the Dampers—as I prefer to call them—were going to be a project exploring soundscapes conducive for invoking the sexual current. The idea was to break away from traditional instruments and diversify by using drills, hammers, chainsaws, etc., glasses, tubes, zithers, Theremins, keys, spoons, even various parts of the body (slapping and tapping thighs, buttocks and heads, etc.); no object was anathema to the band's (I use that term loosely) musical output. Ultimately this idea failed as few were willing to experiment; prospective members were more interested in being in a proper band, with hopes of fame and glory on the horizon.

A derivation of the name is perhaps in order. According to ancient Parsee tradition the demon goddess Géh, who typified menstruation, was the herald of all evil in this world. She was blamed for catastrophes. She threatened the world periodically with her deadly deluge, the Azi Damp, i.e. her offspring, typified by the menses. It is for this reason, to ward off her fatal threat, that Parsees today still keep a candle lit 24 hours a day. The band could derive some pleasure from calling themselves after the goddess of menstruation and her brood, as the word 'Géh' if not pronounced correctly sounds like 'gay,' not that any members were, especially the frontman, but it would have been amusing to have him wear a T-shirt emblazoned with the slogan 'I am not Géh,' should they ever have performed live, which they did not.

The lyrics in this section pertain to three vinyl LPs, all of which only reached the conceptual stage and never went beyond that. What demo tapes were made are now regrettably lost, so there is no possibility of them ever coming to fruition now. Instead, I have chosen to give a visual representation of each song on the following pages in chronological order, track by track.

The first album was due to be called *The Piss and Shit Factory*, sporting the body of a naked woman (torso only) on both the front and back, with no lettering except on the spine. What is the significance of the title? The clue is in the picture: the human body, for it does nothing but produce piss and shit. It is *the* factory. Both sides are dedicated to each respectively; her backside for the 'shit' side, and her pubic area for the 'piss' side which opens with the spoken intro 'We're all staring ...' labelled 'Track 0.' The page given here was to form the frontispiece to the lost book. See note 38.

2. *I Want To Drink Your Piss*, the first proper track on side 1, is about a man who is so obsessed with a woman he eventually undertakes an alchemical experiment on her urine which he then consumes; now she will never leave him again because she is not only in him but he has become her! Note, the word 'piss' is never heard and is drowned out by the screeching guitars. We only just hear the first letter and that's all.
3. *Period Call* is a ballad. Think Johnny Cash, the man in black, sitting on a bar stool under a solitary light in a fog of smoke, talking rather than singing, with acoustic guitar, female backing vocals on chorus. The song is self-explanatory.
4. *I Can't Come* is a modern version of the old song by the Snivelling Shits. Considered a bit of a joke band, I always loved Giovanni Dadomo's voice and the way he sang this song. The idea was to update it for the nineties and noughties by mentioning the celebrities of the day. None of the other lyrics have changed, except the a-side to this single, called *Terminal Stupid*, which was going to be incorporated into the live shows. Yet some of Dadomo's words are hard to comprehend so the ones reproduced here are far from exact. The reason for including this song was simply due to the last lines and the refrain 'Damp Squib:' I added the word 'Damper' which was something we were going to call anyone who followed the band. The illustration incorporates the front page of the Sunday Mirror featuring the pic of the punk girl at a Stranglers' concert. It was used for the cover of the Shits' single, inverted. (Music/Lyrics: S. Shits/Lyrics: J. Lange.)
5. *Escape Velocity* is a traditional rock'n'roll song with male/female vocals, a duet, with an upbeat leitmotif, and simple lyrics about the joys of anal sex which one girl told me was like having a rocket shoved up her backside, hence the inspiration for the song and the phallic rocket between the woman's legs. The fiery font for the title is due to some women saying it was like they were on fire when reaching a climax through this form of intercourse. Very apt.
6. *Slipstream* is a long pile-driver of a song, with breathy female vocals on the first and third line of the chorus, interspersed by the male vocalist's nonchalant refrain. The song should sound like a juggernaut being driven down one of those endless highways in the early evening, with the few chord changes of the guitar sounding like the gear changes of the vehicle. I used a slinky, sexy concept car for the picture here as it seemed more appropriate.
7. *Que Sera Sera*. I always hated the original. It is naff in the extreme and the sentiment is anathema to my sensibilities. You only get out of life what you put into it, whereas the emphasis here seems to be on hoping that if you wait patiently one day your prince charming, or whatever, will come along, hence the need to revise the lyrics. Basically, if you have to work you're nothing but a prostitute, and school is geared entirely in that direction. Hence the blackboard design. Imagine, if you will, boys and girls in class being forced to listen to a song they don't like. And while the teacher is out of

- the classroom they get busy scribbling rude pictures and words on the board through sheer boredom. The slides are taken from my video (still on YouTube). Naff, but what do you expect? (Music/Lyrics: J. Livingston/Lyrics: J. Lange)
8. *Obsessed* is about a serial killer who is down on anyone who reminds him of his ex. He is obsessed with her and determined to get her out of his head by killing anyone who looks like her. Serial killers, by the way are some of the most interesting people you could meet. They have no limits, morals or scruples, and go out and do things we can only fantasise about. I don't know if there is a stamp collection dedicated to serial killers, but perhaps there should be.
 9. *The People Don't Care*, a blatant rip-off of The Adverts' *One Chord Wonders*, a punk anthem, hence the punky black leather jacket with laminated pics of punk babe Gaye Advert doing intimate poses. (Music: TV Smith/Lyrics: J. Lange)
 10. *Rich And Famous* is about the notorious pornstar John Holmes who was famous for being rather well endowed and hence his move into the porn industry where he is said to have made over 2000 films, but in the end succumbed to drugs and couldn't get it up anymore, turning to a life of petty crime instead to fuel his ever-increasing drug habit. The outline of the USA suggests the American Dream, which Holmes kind of typified. If he hadn't got involved in drugs he would have become a multi-millionaire by the time he was in his thirties. So this song is a lesson to us all: don't get chewed up by the biz. It will only screw you up and spit you out, and you're left with nothing, not even your pride.
 11. *Severed*, another song dedicated to someone else who this time was unfortunate in life, Elizabeth Short; she just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, and instead of becoming famous in the forties as a film star, ended up becoming infamous as the murder victim of an horrendous crime which was never solved. *Severed* is taken from the title of the book about the case. This song was originally offered to the producers of a new film about the Black Dahlia—as she came to be known—but they turned it down when they found out it had a full orchestral accompaniment, something beyond their miniscule budget. The song, as befits the subject, has a big, dark sound, and is a lyrical ballad with lots of strings, and will probably (like most of the others here) never get heard outside of my head.
 12. *Absence* makes the dick go harder. But when there is nothing else to screw, what do you do? Well, you drill a hole and fuck the wall instead, as per translation of the German (roughly: 'After the meal you should smoke/Or use a woman./If you don't have both handy/Bore a hole and fuck the wall'). These lines are to be sung in the style of Marlene Dietrich with the English refrain coinciding and overlapping, upping the scale till the end.
 13. *Satan's Got A Hold Of My Heart Again* is reminiscent of that old song by Gene Pitney which was later revived by Marc Almond. Here it should be slow and mournful, akin to a ballad, with a miserable feel about the whole thing. The painting represents the hapless victim standing surveying the world, being tempted by the Devil, just as Jesus was in the desert. The Devil is seated next to him and is offering him the world if he were to give him his soul. The figure, by the way, is my own depiction, more believable than the usual archetypal red-horned Devil. And if you look closely you will notice he is doing something with his left hand which we are unable to see as he has his back to us, something rather rude, as obviously all this tempting turns him on.
 14. *Under Hollywood Nights* is a song about the Manson family massacre of Sharon Tate (her beautiful, friendly eyes are superimposed on the sky) and some people at her home in the Hollywood Hills (on Cielo Drive which I visited in 2005 a few years after the song was written), and the murder of the LaBianca couple the following night back in 1969. Manson referred to his coming apocalypse as a 'Dune Buggy Attack,' as described in Ed Sanders' book, *The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack*, hence the dune buggies coming over the hill by the Hollywood sign, replete with hanging bodies typifying the end of the hippie dream, when the Summer of Love turned into a nightmare scenario. The song itself has affinities with other well-known songs, the least of which is the track by Bomb the Bass (*Dune Buggy Attack*, 1991), but more like Sonic Youth's *Death Valley 69* with the great Lydia Lunch on vocals. The end of this song is a full on thrash (smashing guitars and drums) before simmering back down to the opening chorus. Apocalyptic at best.
 15. *Everything Is Shit* is not only a song, it's my philosophy, and is brilliant in that it demolishes everything, making everything valueless and without meaning. Everything should be stripped of value simply because we give the most trivial things a value they do not deserve. But it is through attribution of values a meaning is given to our lives. Yet we need to question what we value in comparison with all the other things in life that are of greater value, including relationships, which is what this song is all about; how we place our partners on pedestals at times as if gods when they are simply just other people with the same values as us. The scatological aspect of the song (emphasised by the girl rolling around in excrement in the painting) is more to do with a girl I met who thought she was really something; her opinion of herself was out of proportion of who she actually was. So this song, by proxy, is a way of diminishing her own self-importance. There are other songs featured here which also demonstrate the same commonality, as we shall see.
 16. *Do It With You*. The song is about sex, how sometimes it is hard to get it on with someone you no longer love or now find unattractive. It's not just a simple matter of an erection, but finding that invisible attraction which makes you fancy her in the first place. And believe me; attractiveness helps. I've deliberately gone out of my way to bed some really unattractive women and found I couldn't do it with them simply because of the aesthetic value impinging on the whole thing. Of course, we should try to override such indoctrination and free the sex factor of any such complexes so you can get an erection with the ugliest hag in town or the glamorous model you dreamed of. Also note the painting depicts a shop front, a famous one most punks will recognise. The shop used to be called Sex (hence the 'do it' of the title) and was run by Vivienne Westwood and Malcolm McLaren before the Sex Pistols were put together in that very shop. The clothing was risqué, fetishtic, featuring lots of leather and rubber, bondage gear, etc., alluded to in the opening lines of

the song. The open door, if you stare into its dark depths, reveals a man dressed in latex, the sort of thing McLaren and Westwood used to sell here. For the title here I used letters made from padded fabric in imitation of the shop's original sign which hung above the door in huge, bright pink lettering. Vocals: Male/female, alternating.

17. *Gun Metal* is not a song, more of a dithyramb, or chant, with no set words, just voices with lots of echoing, delivered against a cacophony of sounds consisting of the scraping of various objects: saws and plates of steel being rubbed or smacked together, drills drilling through metal, a clamouring of other metallic objects, the stamping of jackboots on tarmac, etc., with the vocal refrain repeated over and over. The whole feel of it should be similar to Siouxsie and the Banshees' track *Metal Postcard (Mittageisen)*, stark, delivered coldly and dispassionately. Lastly, the track never ends as the run out groove is closed like a continuous loop. So if you haven't lifted up the stylus already (probably about halfway through), you soon will do.
18. *Finger Fuck*. The first of a set of ads to separate the LPs. This one is quite obviously a piss-take of Cadbury's Finger of Fudge, with euphemistic use of the word 'finger,' meaning both the chocolate snack and our digits.
19. The second LP, *SuperClit*, opens with a quite jazzy track entitled *Countess Cuntless*, the music being based on Piero Piccioni's opening theme to the 1966 Italian film, *The Witches (Le Streghe)*. Nothing to do with witchcraft at all, just an ensemble piece for Silvana Mangano to display the versatility of her acting. And there is an interesting coincidence worth mentioning in this connection, so apologies for the digression. This song (a shitty demo was uploaded to YouTube a few years ago but was taken off due to copyright infringement) was lambasted by critics who chided me for being a misogynist. I am nothing of the sort. The song came about because of a girl I met who tried to make out she was too good for me, and I was out of her league. In her mind, she honestly thought she was royalty and I (and everyone else) was beneath her. Although quite attractive, there was no indication that she was any different from anybody else. But as she assumed some sort of royalty, I started referring to her as the Countess. Despite many attempts to get her in to bed, it was quite clear I was wasting my time. She would evade the issue of sex, and tried to make out she did not possess a vagina, and therefore she couldn't have sex, believing that also was beneath her. Amazed by her attitude, I subsequently changed her name to Cuntless after we split up. The two words (Countess and Cuntless) aptly described this girl, or rather her attitude. I dashed off a song about her, this one being the result. I had the words but no melody. Nothing came to mind. Normally when I write a song it is because I hear it in my head, and by putting the lyrics down it helps me to remember the melody. But for this one there was nothing. Then one day Channel 4—when it used to be interesting—was due to show a film late at night. I had not heard of it before. The title sounded intriguing: *The Witches*, also starring Clint Eastwood, which is probably the reason why they were showing it. Without his name attached to it, the film would have sunk without a trace. It was on quite late so I set the VCR to tape it and started watching it the next afternoon. I must have replayed the opening theme song about 5 times. I loved it, and knew instinctively if I was to re-arrange the structure of it slightly whilst still retaining the jazzy piano/sax track, the music would fit my lyrics perfectly, and along with a bass player we got down a very primitive version (just bass and drums with my terrible vocals, out of tune, as usual) and thought it was great. Sadly the demo has disappeared over the years. I tried to rebuild the track using snippets of the score and software, but it wasn't the same. It's a real dance tune and needs to be played fast with crashing guitar/drums and a crazy piano track. (Music: P. Piccioni/Lyrics: J. Lange)
20. *Sleep With Me* is just a silly song I dashed off in about half an hour, with the complete tune in my head, so real I can probably replay it backwards if necessary. Think Hawkwind's *Motorhead*, but faster.
21. *Pretty Much Something* is my dig at Oasis. I got so fed up of hearing about them and how Radio 1 were championing them, I wrote this song as a kind of tribute, imagining Liam Gallagher singing it with his horrible, whiny vocals. The 'it' could be anything, by the way: her new dress, her new car, her new house, her newly redesigned vagina, who knows?
22. *Golden Crutch* is about another girl I met who also tried to make out that having sex with her would be a godsend and that I should consider myself ever so grateful for being allowed (god forbid!) to touch her vagina as if it was some precious object. I honestly thought it was going to be wrought from pure gold the way she talked about it. Yet there was nothing special about it or her at all. In fact, like a lot of women I have come across, she also was shit in bed. A complete waste of time. Needless to say, I dumped her the next day and wrote this song about her. Then much later I came across another girl who tried to make out she was special, when she was nothing more than a common girl from some shitty council estate who turned out to be the biggest slag in my hometown. Sick and tired of writing songs about stupid girls like her, I wrote a book about her instead (to be published next year). The babe in the pictures is Michaela Schaffrath (or Gina Wild, to give her the pornstar name she is better known by) who I wanted to use in a video for the song. I contacted her agent but received no reply. The idea was to have her rolling around semi-nude on golden sand, doing the harmonies (*Ooh ooh, aaah haaa*, etc.) whilst the camera rolled around with her, doing close-ups on her face, breasts, etc., but it never got beyond the conceptual stage. The music is reminiscent of the theme song to MASH (i.e. *Suicide is Painless*) in an indirect way as it is soft and gentle, the sort you'd associate with Laurel Canyon.
23. *Might As Well Be Dead*. A silly song, inspired by another silly relationship. The vocals are akin to Pär Wiksten (from The Wannadies, as in their *You & Me Song*), i.e. whingeing and whining, like a little boy being denied his favourite sweet.
24. *Ten Little Girlies*. As befitting the song—a nursery rhyme gone wrong—we see ten girls lined up, all dressed the same way, and all promising something we can only dream of. But, in actual fact, only one of them is any good. And that is a fact. (9 out of 10 girls prove to be rubbish in bed. Not only that, they don't know how to give a blowjob properly. Can't

give a handjob properly, and don't even know how to use their vaginas properly. These are things they should be taught at school. But still they think they should be worshipped.) Which one she is you have to guess (her tartan skirt and panties can be found at the bottom of the page). The song is like a bad lullaby with the vocals of a 'dirty old man' who sounds like he's pleasuring himself whilst ogling girls he shouldn't be looking at.

25. *Boundless Love*. One of the earliest fetish songs I ever wrote. It is S&M taken to the extreme where the sadist has no compunction, sees his slave as nothing more than a plaything, something for his own amusement and satisfaction, a sexual object to gratify his every whim. He treats her like a puppet, even dangles her over a field of sharp nails. It gives him an enormous sense of power, without even thinking of the feelings of fear, trepidation or hurt she maybe experiencing. Total sadism with no safe word. The music is similar to the Germs' *The Other Newest One*, but only slightly.
26. *Dying Pretty*. I love this one. It was my attempt to write a straight song, a rock anthem, the sort you could imagine a stadium rock outfit like Guns n' Roses doing, hence the headscarf on the skull. Another S&M-type ballad with a spoken intro that should make your skin crawl. The spoken outro is a tribute to the punk statement: Only anarchists are pretty.
27. *Fuck-A-Rama*. A straight rip-off of the Venus & the Razorblades' single of July 1977, *Punk-A-Rama*, put out by Kim Fowley's label Bomp, and another one of his short-lived concoctions who only came out with a couple of singles, although I must admit I thought this was the better one. Attempts to revive the band in the 1990's meant they also tried to re-do this song, but it's nothing like the original. The music here is the same, only I've changed the words. For the illustration, I created a stark black and white montage to hark back to the time the Bomp single came out, cribbed from some sex mags from the same era. I think my version of the song is more interesting, but it would need the same dual harmonies (male/female vocals) as in the original to make it sound right. (Music: K. Fowley, Steven T./Lyrics: J. Lange)
28. *Evil Eye*. A straightforward rock'n'roll song a la Iggy Pop, *Funhouse* era. Short and simple, how good songs should be. The eye, if you look closely, contains an inverse pentagram, the sign of evil. But, as they say, 'Evil is in the eye of the beholder,' so 'if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out.' (Matt. 5:29) The hand figure is meant to ward off evil.
29. *Confessions Of A Pussy Eater*. The first of three pussy ballads, this is more of a poem rather than a song, with no chorus/verse structure, just an oriental breeze wafting in the sullen atmosphere of silk and spices. The flowers resemble vaginas, as befits the song. There are 11 of them. This is a significant number, for it is the number of change, when the perfumes spoken of here change, becoming intoxicants and highly addictive. Hence the title, lifted from De Quincey's famous literary work, but here modified to suit the subject.
30. *Pussy Talk*. Another pussy song, this one was inspired by the film of the same name, an old French comedy from 1975 about a woman who discovers her vagina can talk and is far from happy at not getting the satisfaction it deserves. A silly film but fun, like this song. The track includes soundbites from the film (the dubbed American version).
31. *Pussy Medley*. The third pussy song, this is a mixture of traditional songs (e.g. *Black Betty* (Roud 11668) words modified) and my own, melded together into a fusion of fun. Nothing serious. (Check out Ram Jam's version of *B.B.*)
32. *Fuckhead*. My attempt at redressing the balance. Most men regard women as nothing more than life-support machines for vaginas. Here the situation is reversed, with women thinking of men as nothing more than walking dildos designed for their fun. It's as simple as that. The witchy-type woman in the picture (doubled) is playing with a besom, the end of which is carved with the head of Shiva, as can be found on any lingam dedicated to that god. The connection here is that the myth of witches riding on broomsticks derives from the reality of them using the broomstick as a dildo. It is said they would coat the end with unguents containing powerful drugs (like Deadly Nightshade or Belladonna) before inserting it into their vaginas and using it as a sex toy. The narcotic worked its way into the bloodstream and gave them the feeling they were flying. This would later work its way into myth, to be exploited by stupid, ignorant writers like J. K. Rowling having her characters riding on broomsticks with not even an inkling of the real origins. Shame on her!
33. *Masturbator Hater*. A straight rip-off of *Escalator Hater* by the old punk band Raped who never got any real credit for their music or contribution to punk. The music is the same, it's only the words which have been changed. By the way, it took me ages to do the comic strip format which I thought suited the song. I had some strips left over which I have moved to another page. See note 68. (Music: S. Purcell, F. Kwest/Lyrics: J. Lange)
34. *Pornstar*. A straightforward rock'n'roll song, short and sweet. The painting was inspired by the launch of 'pornstar' T-shirts, long after the song was written. I used to find it funny seeing young girls walking around with these T-shirts knowing they wouldn't have a clue what it's really like being a pornstar. Just a fad, I guess. Totally disposable, like this song.
35. *Shagbag*. A catchy dance song with an assortment of percussive instruments, like castanets, claves, ganzas, guiros, maracas, tambourines, etc., and loosely inspired by Pankow's single *Me and My Ding-Dong*. No misogyny is intended here, simply the inconvenience of going out of your way to pick up a girl abroad and finding she's absolutely useless, so a waste of time. Far easier just to carry one round with you wherever you go. Saves you the trouble.
36. *Mindfuck* is a powerhouse of a track, industrial and repetitive, with an incessant beat that drives you up the wall, and like the last track on the previous LP, this too you'll want to switch off before it's finished. The refrain 'I gotta do a mindfuck on you' etc., should sound like Hawkwind's *You Shouldn't Do That*, the live version on their *Roadhawks* LP being the better offering. The bass bubbles up at the end of the line 'I got' before plunging again into a full, aural onslaught.
37. *The Man and a Can*. Another parody of those stupid ads we used to see in girlie magazines when we were much younger and so much more naïve. But the funny thing is when I came up with this unused concept for a futuristic novel back in the nineties, someone later brought out a similar idea; you stick your dick into a can which has been designed to

- act like a vagina. Not my idea of fun, but I guess if you're a trucker on a long haul with 8 hours of road ahead of you, you might be inclined to sit one on your lap to while away the hours. My concept, of course, is impossible, so just a fun ad.
38. We now come to the third and last LP, called *The Id of the Perverse*, taken from a book I had written but lost on one of those shitty floppy disks (remember them?). Although I did a back up, neither worked. I tried to recreate the book entirely from memory, but it was virtually impossible, and gave up. All I remember is the songs; they were sprinkled throughout the pages with stories extending from the lyrics. These stories, by the way, were my attempt to create a macabre collection of tales in the style of Edgar Allan Poe, his story *The Imp of the Perverse* being the most obvious. The first song to open this album is *AC in the UK*, a tribute to both Aleister Crowley and the Sex Pistols' famous song, *Anarchy*, which was released in November 1976. I wrote this song exactly ten years later. I was studying Crowley's works at the time and got fed up with meeting people who wanted to be like him (hero-worship or what!). As my mentor said at the time, 'Don't try to be like him. Go beyond him. Go beyond what he achieved.' As if it was that simple. So essentially this song is a piss-take, aimed at Crowley worshippers, using his voice from some wax cylinder recordings (yes, we are talking about a long time ago) reciting one of my favourite poems, *The Poet*, spliced into the two guitar solos which I thought worked quite effectively. A demo version can be heard on YouTube. Not brilliant; it will have to do. I've reproduced the start of the video here. (Music/lyrics: J. Rotten, G. Matlock, S. Jones, P. Cook/Lyrics: J. Lange)
 39. *I Want To* is a simple pop song. The painting is a recreation of a cover taken from a men's mag (circa 1970s), perfectly in keeping with the tone of the song. I've added something to her face which wasn't in the original. Guess what it is.
 40. *Seal It With A Fist* is not a nice song. It's not meant to be. It was written after I got ripped off by this stupid bitch who thought she could help herself to whatever was mine. Although I managed to get my money back, I still wanted to damage her in some way, especially when I found out afterwards this wasn't the first time (she was in the habit of doing it to all the men she took for a ride). I turned my anger inwardly and came up with this song. The tattoo design on the man's back should be familiar to most. It is based on the spiked leather gloves worn in the film *Rollerball* (the 1975 original, not the crummy remake) with typeface to match. Brutal, in your face, and all the better for it.
 41. *Secret Success*. A dancey, catchy, industrial pop song, akin to My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult's *Sexplosion* LP (1991). I was fortunate to see them around this time, twice in fact, the first when they were supporting EMF (of all people!) at Nottingham's Rock City, then the following week doing their own show at Subterranea in London. A great gig, well worth the price of admission. I was so impressed I wrote this song as a tribute to them. The painting is a silkscreen print-effect which I think suits the mood of the song.
 42. *Typical Saturday Night*. The irony here is that this is not a typical Saturday night, well, at least not for some. But we have those blank moments when we wake up after a heavy session with gaps in our memory, unable to recall how we even got home. This song is more of a poem, the lyrics reflected in the celluloid strip, tender, perverse, and sad.
 43. *My Secret Sin*. Another early fetish song, written when I was visiting all the clubs in the nineties and talking to an assortment of people about their fetishes and amazed that some actually felt comfortable in latex. For me, I found it to be the complete opposite. It's tight and restricting, and because the pores can't breathe you end up sweating profusely. Just try sleeping in a bed of rubber sheets and you'll wake up in pool of sweat. Horrible. But I was one of the first people to wear a latex vest in a relatively straight nightclub in the early eighties, only for this gay guy to come in the following week wearing a latex T-shirt. So perhaps I started a trend, who knows? The song should be reminiscent of *Venus in Furs* (1967) by the Velvet Underground who were well into the fetish scene.
 44. *Tantric Magic*. The last track on Side One was written for a music video designed to promote my new book, *Sellon's Annotations*. For some reason the video never got made and the demo recording was not produced either. It fell into desuetude, like all my other songs. The opening line, 'Do you believe in magic?' is a soundbite from the film *Eye of the Devil* (1967), spoken by Sharon Tate, alternating with male vocal, as in the mantra. This, by the way, is totally made up. And it's quite obvious to anyone with an inkling of Sanskrit what I am here referring to. As for the illustration, it was an attempt to reproduce an old poster, in the psychedelic style of the sixties, when hippies were getting into this sort of thing, so it seemed appropriate. The video would have been similar in style and content.
 45. *Pornothon*. A rock'n'roll ballad taking the piss out of the consumerist attitude towards porn and its vicarious way of making pornstars appear to be available to their fans, when in actuality they wouldn't touch them, unless of course they were getting paid for it. Pornstars are simply prostitutes doing it on the screen for the money. Yet some of the best girls in bed you could ever come across just happen to be pornstars because they know how to use their bodies properly, like professionals, and I've never failed to get an erection with any one of them (as long as they are genuine). Here we see an array of stars who were in their heyday when the song was written many years ago. They have now probably all been surpassed by newer, younger, up n' coming stars trying to replace them. Like any business, the porn industry is very fickle. Stars come and go, literally, and are forgotten about immediately. The names mentioned are the girls in the painting (they'll probably have to be replaced should a new version come out). The idea, back in the day, was to get some of them to shoot a video of themselves dancing in front of a green screen to the music. The instrumental track would have been sent to them via an email attachment. The shot video would then be sent back and spliced with the others so it looked like they were all dancing in the same room, as in the picture. Needless to say, this never happened. It was just an idea. Incidentally, the last line ('I've got blisters on my fingers') is taken from The Beatles' song *Helter*

Skelter and is uttered by Ringo Starr after madly bashing his drum kit. The implication here is that the man in the song has been bashing his meat so hard, he's got blisters to prove it.

46. *Blowjob My Heart* is a nod to Crime's great song, *Hotwire My Heart*. I bought the single when I was a kid and have loved it ever since. The song sounds like it's just about to fall apart, yet somehow manages to stay together, trashy and chaotic. The structure is the same but the chords are different, along with the words obviously. As for them, they refer to a girl who sucks her man dry, bleeding him for all he's worth, then moves on to find another host to feed on, like a typical vampire. The paintings, *Before/After*, demonstrate this. In the first the woman is performing fellatio on a man's heart. In the next, it is now dry, sucked of all blood, all life, and all money. (Music: J. Strike/Lyrics: J. Lange)
47. *The Great Masturbator* isn't a song, per se, it is simply a soundscape with words (stream of consciousness, ad libbed) pouring out. The words are not important; hence they remain in the background of the picture. It is the mood they create which is suggestive of surrealism (matching my version of Dali's classic work of 1929) and very abstract.
48. *Hard-On* is another rock'n'roll, punk ballad, not that different from some early songs by X-Ray Spex. The sentiment here is simple, needing little explanation. When a man can't get it up anymore then he is no longer a man; just a body without a soul. The illustration, as such, consists of extracts from a porn mag, cut up and pasted together. It might have been used for some man's gratification at one point, as demonstrated by the cum stains (always obligatory in porn mags).
49. *Supermuff Diver* is the only song I remember stemming from an early story about a guy called Toki the Tongue from Tokyo who could tell the ethnic origin of a woman just by tasting her pussy. It was a silly story from the now lost book. He was famous for his tongue as well as his technique, hence 'a cunning linguist.' This fame is exemplified in the painting for it is obviously Warholian. We had Dali earlier; here's my attempt at Warhol, who said: 'In the future, everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes.' The Supermuff Diver is not only famous, he's a Superstar.
50. *Born To Fuck* is a rip-off of Hawkwind's stunner of a track, *Born To Go*. My version is shorter and faster, the words modified, with a great guitar solo in the middle. The painting is based on the famous statue of Valentino in Hollywood (on the corner of DeLongpre and Cherokee). I love the way he is portrayed looking up into the heavens like a rocket about to take off. I extended this idea by adding a launching pad, a pair of ladders leading up to his testicles, and an enlarged erect penis. Sperm is ascending the ladders as if climbing on board a rocket ship, getting into its cockpit through the open doors. The song is self-explanatory. (Music: D. Brock, R. Calvert/Lyrics: J. Lange)
51. *Pansexual*. A demo of this song is on YouTube (not as good as previous version which is now lost). The painting dates back to 1995 and is described in full detail, along with the meaning behind it, in my book *Feast of the Pansexualists*. Incidentally, genuine pansexuals are very rare, so ignore celebrities who claim they are because it's now 'hip' to be one.
52. *Pleasure Hopper*. Another silly ad. This was inspired by an incident from many years ago. I happened to witness a young girl deriving some pleasure playing on a Space Hopper when they were all the rage back in the seventies, but in my sexual ignorance had no idea why it was so pleasing to her until long after the event. Quite clearly rubbing her clitoris against its surface and bouncing the thing up and down turned her on: a form of masturbation. I extended this by adding an in-built dildo. Now there's a company selling 'XXX Hoppers.' If you're interested, check them out on Amazon.
53. *Unholy Faith* is a selection of vignettes I designed a few years ago after exposing myself to a subgenre of exploitation films called Nunsplotation. Such examples are *Killer Nun* (1978), *The Nun and the Devil* (1973), *Flavia the Heretic* (1974—one of the best), Ken Russell's *The Devils* (1971), *Story of a Cloistered Nun* (1973), *Satánico Pandemonium* (1975), *Alucarda* (1975—probably the best), *Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun* (1976), *Behind Convent Walls* (1978—also very good), *Images in a Convent* (1979), *The Other Hell* (1980), and *Sacred Flesh* (1999), Nigel Wingrove's attempt being probably the least satisfactory. But a whole porn industry has evolved out of this genre simply because nuns are thought to be secretly naughty. After all, they're not allowed to have sex, so their celibacy has to be counter-acted in some way, the best example being in Walerian Borowczyk's *Behind Convent Walls* where a wood chopper is chopping wood, a piece flies through a nun's window who then carves it into a dildo! In the first vignette, a nun falls in love with a picture of Christ receiving fellatio from Mary. Is she in love with Christ in a spiritual sense? Or is she wishing she was Mary so she could also do him the favour? In the second, a nun is holding a crucifix with knob-shaped ends, and is licking one of them with her lascivious tongue. Behind her stands the gateway to hell, so you can figure where she's going. In the third, we see another nun seated on a bed in her dormitory, her open legs revealing a shot of her crotch, and her panties bearing a cross. Behind her on the wall is a neon lit crucifix. This seems rather tame and sedate except for the fact that this nun is holding the same crucifix from the previous picture. Then in the next vignette we see it being put to use; she is using it as a dildo whilst staring at a figure of Christ, not the one on a crucifix attached to the wall, but a vision of Christ giving the sign of benediction. Is he blessing her? Or is she transforming it in her mind so that it looks like he is blessing her whilst she carries out this solitary act to allay any form of guilt? Again, it could just be spiritual love which she has brought down to this plane and is expressing her love for him in the only way she knows how. The last vignette, although graphic, makes little sense unless we know it is called 'The Miracle of Malponso,' a name I made up (*mal* = bad). What miracle is this picture referring to? Is it because the Christ figure has an erection? Possibly. But if we look further afield, at the red tiled roof below him, we see it has white stains looking suspiciously like drops of dry semen. So the miracle of the title is that this statue periodically ejaculates.

54. *Punk's Not Dead*. My homage to punk which still lives and breathes in me, and will probably never die. The badge featuring a studded skull was something I came up with a long time ago, well before a certain artist stuck diamonds on one and gave it a pretentious title. But more of him later.
55. *Perv*. The 'perv' top was something I made, based on Vivienne Westwood's original design from the seventies and sold in the Sex shop, but here slightly enhanced with a few additional extras. The model I was intending to use for this picture, Erin Micklow, balked at the idea of wearing a top dressed with real chicken bones as she is a vegan, so I had to use this one instead. Not as effective, I don't think, yet she wears it well, so there you go.
56. *Oh Siouxsie Sioux*. As a young punk I had quite a crush on this woman. For me, she typified the whole punk ethic of going out wearing what you want and not giving a shit about what others say. She also had this cold, aloof appearance which naturally earned her the title of Ice Queen. But when I met her many years later, she was actually quite warm and endearing, not at all like the image she conveyed in her younger punk years. As for the painting, it's a reproduction of the famous photo of the Queen of Punk. I compare it against another painting taken from a photo of a woman bearing a striking resemblance, in a bondage pose. Who knows? It might be her. Well, her breasts are the right size, after all.
57. *Another Fake Shroud*. Leading on from the previous picture of Siouxsie sporting a swastika armband (which roused some condemnation when she wore it in France following the Sex Pistols as part of their contingent in 1976, forgetting France was an occupied country during the Second World War), we now come to quite a controversial illustration of Hitler, sporting said armband, with his image imposed on a shroud. Quite clearly I am just playing with images here, but not in an infantile way, more of an antagonistic way to demonstrate the absurdity of the worship bestowed on a shroud said to bear the likeness of Christ when no such person ever existed. And those who continue to believe the shroud to be genuine, although it has been scientifically tested and proven to be a fraud from the Middle Ages, are in themselves absurd to even think such rubbish. Yet there are still some who cling to the belief, in the face of scientific criticism, and will not have it otherwise, so why not a shroud of Hitler? Now, what church shall we put it in ...
58. *SS Party* was a film I was trying to get made in the nineties but nobody was interested. It wasn't going to be a normal film with a story, more a sequence of images revelling in debauchery, with women dressed in Nazi regalia, and getting up to mischief whilst cavorting with the officers, drunk, with loads of nudity and sex, thus harking back to the main drive of the Naziplotation films of the seventies to early eighties, prime examples being the following: *Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS* (1974), *The Night Porter* (1974), *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom* (1975), *Salon Kitty* (1976), *The Beast in Heat* (1977), *Gestapo's Last Orgy* (1977), *Helltrain* (1977), *The Damned* (1969), *Love Camp 7* (1969), *Helga, She Wolf of Stilberg* (1977), *Elsa: Fraulein SS* (1977), *Nathalie: Escape from Hell* (1978), *SS Girls* (1977), *SS Experiment Camp* (1976), *SS Hell Camp* (1976), *SS Special Section Women* (1976), *SS Camp 5: Women's Hell* (1977), *Red Nights of the Gestapo* (1977), *Nazi Love Camp 27* (1977), etc. This subgenre, like nunsplotation, also continued well into the eighties with many hardcore films exploring similar themes, like *Blue Ice*, 1980's *Nazi Love Island*, *Stalag 69* (1982), *Gestapo*, *Gestapo 2* (both 2006), *Dr. Mengele* (2008), even Rob Zombie (of White Zombie fame) got in on the act by making a trailer for a fake film called *Werewolf Women of the SS* (2007), so there was really something here that appealed to our sexual appetites, with the idea of Nazism and sadism being commingled into a heady brew of sexual excess, or a weird philia that most of us—although finding the idea repellent—at least can recognise, seeing something of the underlying imagery has a certain taboo, and that fetishism and Nazism can perhaps really go hand in hand. Personally, I always found the idea of wearing a black leather trench coat, jackboots and a peak cap sexy, and far more appealing than the plain, jaded images of English officers whose brown or khaki uniforms seemed boring by comparison. Bring into this equation the idea of women stripped naked and bound to tables for the pleasure of a commander of a concentration camp, it's quite easy to see why it appeals. But it is in this explicit exploitation where the whole genre lies. However, *SS Party* was not meant to be a glorification of Nazism, but rather a visual representation of the fetishisation of Nazi symbolism (or should that be Nazification of fetishism?). The following pages are suggestive of what could have been.
59. *Nazi Girls* was going to be the opening theme song to the film. It is a blatant rip-off of the Beach Boy's *California Girls*, a mickey-take of an over-praised song, with lots of photos of girls dressed in Nazi/SS regalia, now quite profuse in porn mags and videos. It is unnecessary to go through all the following pages as they are quite self-explanatory, except the penultimate one. See next note. (Music: B. Wilson, M. Love/Lyrics: J. Lange)
60. *Hitler as Dirty Old Man*. A montage inspired by a piece I came across as a kid in *Ripped & Torn* fanzine. It really got me into the whole Nazi/Fetish thing. So this homage is dedicated to R&T. Thanks, Tony D!
61. *Nazi Love*. This poem is an indictment of the whole Nazi ideology and the fanaticism poured out to the Fuhrer prior to World War Two. For there is no love greater than Nazi love where a whole nation can be swept up in to a frenzy and follow blindly its leader, into the very depths of hell, if necessary, and its people still remaining loyal, even if it means bringing about their own death. Surely the plot to assassinate Hitler should have told them someone thought something was wrong with his politics. But no! They were treated as traitors and executed as such. It is a lesson to us all, and never can the same mistake be made ever again, no matter how great we think a leader is. No to blind acceptance.
62. *Royal Tease*. I despise royalty, especially when we see our monarchy doing very little except act as figureheads, causing crashes, and bringing more babies into a world already overpopulated. They do little to help the nation and therefore we can well do without them. They are simply useless, redundant and a waste of space. I will come back to this point again towards the end. For the time being have a chuckle over these images. *Royal tease*, by the way, is a

- play on words, as in *royalties*, *royal ties*, *royal trees*, etc. The 'I'd shag that for a dollar' is taken from Cyril M. Kornbluth's short story *The Marching Morons* where the actual line is 'I'd buy that for a dollar,' (used frequently in Verhoeven's *Robocop* (1984), which presents a cynical view of over-commercialisation in a world desensitised to war and violence). Similarly, I use the expression to deflate the overblown opinion of someone who is just a woman, no matter who she may be married to, or her position in the world. All women should be reduced in this way; deflating their over-inflated opinions of themselves, like a pin pricking a bubble or bursting a balloon, thus bringing them back down to earth.
63. *Paedophiles Reunited* is a piss-take of the old Friends Reunited website. Anyone who doesn't see it for the joke it is should be denounced as lacking in humour. It is a fake ad like the others, nothing more.
 64. *Messe Noire*. I'm seriously thinking about writing a thesis on this short film as many seem to disbelieve its age and try to make out it is a fake. Trust me, it is genuine and was made around the late 1920's. Whether it is possible to be as precise as 1928 without conclusive proof is debatable but probably right. It lasts approximately 5.53 minutes, shot in b&w, and silent, as one would expect for the time. The hair, the wigs, the fake moustache, even the guy's slippers, are all from that period. And the amount of bush on display certainly indicates an early period piece of erotica which everyone should see. I first came across it back in 2000 when it was discussed during a programme about the history of porn. Although only short clips were shown, it was still enough to intrigue me. Come on, mixing Sex and Satanism! That's got to be interesting. Then eventually I found the whole thing online and watched it probably about ten times. I would love to see a remastered version, digitally enhanced, and shown at the right speed, even perhaps colourised. Hopefully my depiction here will at least encourage somebody in that direction. For the time being, search online, googling either the French title or English, i.e. Black Mass.
 65. *A Manifesto of the Inane*. The 'inane' is here used to imply the 'ain' or void from which we all come and to which we all eventually return. The symbolism is quite simple. The self is posited at the centre of the circle, surrounded by the main factors of life, like the four elements (air, water, etc), and the four ways of interacting with (or perceiving) the world in which we live. Around these float other functions which we must learn to control and not be dominated by, e.g. sex, food, drink, etc. Life is at the top simply because it is a current which flows down into us. The other factors on the periphery of the circle are things we can do without, but some people see them as necessities, i.e. being famous, successful, wealthy, etc. So the manifesto questions the values you put on your life. What does it mean to be alive? What is to be rich or famous? Will it make you any better if you were? Quite easily, you could be forgotten about by the time the next year comes around, so you should put everything into perspective. How does this relate to your present circumstance? Are you a better person because you have more money in the bank than your neighbour? It is a reality consensus framework designed to demonstrate what is and what is not important in life, and worth contemplating.
 66. *A Tribute to Allen Jones*. It was through my interest in Adam and the Ants I got into fetishism, and it was through Adam that I came to be aware of the pop artist's work. His *Hat-stand*, *Table and Chair* ensemble has been denounced for being misogynistic, but Mr Jones was astute enough to defend his work when it first went on display in 1970. It can be glimpsed briefly in a film called *Mad Diary of a Housewife*, made the same year, set in New York, in a real gallery. From there the exhibition did a global tour, and has been shown in various parts of the world ever since. I was privileged to see it at my local Art Gallery in the early nineties and always wanted to do my own version. I toyed with the idea of using old shop manikins, but never got around to it. My version here is purely conceptual and digital, using modern fetish gear to bring it into the 21st century.
 67. *Alice in Rubberland*. Moving on from the previous note about Adam, we now have a full section devoted to the man and his band. I far prefer early Ants compared with the later versions. I felt like everyone else; Adam sold himself out, just so he could become famous as a pop star. I actually bumped into him outside Seditionaries around the time of his transition from underground idol to household name. We had a chat about this and he seemed to be quite happy the direction his life was taking. The following pages are explained very clearly on the first page. There's nothing more to add here. And yes, there are a few newer song titles mixed in with the old, but as they seemed relevant I put them in.
 68. *Crash, Bang, WTF?!?* A leftover piece from the previously used comic strip (see *Masturbator Hater*) which I didn't want to waste. As I said, it takes a long time to do a comic strip, so I thought I could put this to some use here.
 69. *Analects of Confusion*. Again, a play on words. I am of course referring to Confucius' book of the same name, and likewise hold these sayings here to be true, to the best of my knowledge. Enough said.
 70. *A Casual Act*. Sex should be treated no differently than shaking hands. Like performing a bowel function, you get on with it then move on. Any emotional attachments built into the act are arbitrary and unnecessary. It should never be used in the form of emotional blackmail either or as some form of reward ('Well, if you're nice to me, I'll let you ...'). It is purely a physical function and should be treated as such. Don't differentiate either. That is a mental concept, and false.
 71. *Black*, my favourite colour. I almost always wear it as it makes me feel comfortable and never brings any unwanted attention. If you wear bright pink you're an exhibitionist; expect people to stare. (Also, check out Jarboe's song *Red*.)
 72. *Dildo Constellation*. Many forget that the constellations are so called simply because they resemble shapes we are familiar with. They are arbitrary clusters or groupings of stars which suggest a shape in the same way a Rorschach test suggests something through psychological projection. This painting is simply an example of that aspect.
 73. *Fit for a Hanging?* I despise Christianity. I believe it is nothing more than a pernicious virus, a cancer eating at the humanity of the world, which should have never become as powerful as it has. We have to remember that Christianity

is a bogus religion as it posits a person called Jesus Christ came into this world to redeem mankind. As no such person existed (as I and many others have proved, denying the personal and historical authenticity of Christ) then Christianity should not exist either. As Gerald Massey demonstrated over 100 years ago, there is nothing new in this religion whatsoever. All the sayings, all the paraphernalia, all the gestures, etc., have been cribbed from elsewhere, i.e. ancient Egypt, and all can be traced back to that source. What was once a symbol in their religious observations was later misinterpreted and taken to be a literal fact. It is a con that has been perpetuated over the centuries and forced on innocent minds that have now become so warped and twisted they are unable to see the truth. If we look at what happened in Rome around the fourth century when Christianity was adopted as the state religion after the Council of Nicea in 325 AD, it did nothing more than make a once great empire collapse and ushered in the Dark Ages, allowing a mental plague like Christianity to flourish as people were ignorant and illiterate, thus an ideal breeding ground for fostering a false belief which could never be questioned. It was only with the advent of the printing press and movable type in the fifteen century that people were able to start thinking again as all the ancient mysteries, the texts of Plato (reintroduced to the Western World thanks to the work of Marsilio Ficino), the work of Horapollo, etc., ushered in the so-called Renaissance. It was nothing of the sort. It was simply that man had learned to stop thinking because the Church didn't want him to think; it wanted him to believe, otherwise the mission of the Church would have failed, and converting the people relied purely on ignorance in order to work. We would have had computers 500 years ago if it hadn't been for Christianity blunting our intellects and making us believe in a Christ who never existed. And here I am attacking the Pope. As head of the Church he is responsible for the torture and slaughter of literally millions of innocent people, and the wiping out of whole cultures wherever the Word spread. If we look at what happened to the library in Alexandria (which is said to have housed hundreds of thousands of scrolls, the largest collection in the world at that time), in 415 AD the head of the library, an extraordinary woman called Hypatia, was dragged from the library and torn limb from limb by a Christian mob on the orders of Cyril of Alexandria, the bishop, who also ordered that the library be burnt to the ground. Why? Because he was jealous and didn't want anyone reading its texts in case they found out the truth. How much of this story is actually genuine we do not know, except that Hypatia was definitely murdered by a Christian mob and the library later destroyed, or at least fell into ruin, along with the collapse of the Roman Empire which had supported it up till then. If we look at the antics of Bishop Diego de Landa in Yucatan, he is said to have destroyed most, if not all, the Mayan codices simply because he could not believe so primitive a people as the Maya, who did not worship a God, could be in possession of such a sophisticated calendrical system that even to this day we are still coming to terms with, and countered that it must be the work of the Devil. Any persons who refused to convert to Christianity were subsequently murdered. And this is the entire history of Christianity so far, with a Pope sitting on the throne, disguised as some religious figure when in actual fact he is a mass terrorist, worse than Osama bin Laden, Al Qaeda, ISIS, and all the other fanatical, radicalised sects put together. He should not be worshipped, but vilified, and put on trial for crimes against humanity; also for destroying real beliefs and substituting them with false ones!

74. *Wanted, Dead or Alive*. As above, purely a mock up. It would be funny if I wasn't being serious.
75. *Bahlasti! Ompehda!* Taken from my bible, the *Book of the Law*, 3.54: 'Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.' This text was transmitted by Aiwass, a suprahuman being, to the human vehicle known in this world as Aleister Crowley, who assumed the mantle of To Mega Therion (i.e. the Great Beast) not long after its reception. Anyone slightly familiar with the man and his work will recognise the setting of this painting. It is a recreation of the *Chambre des Cauchemars* (*Room of Nightmares*) in his Abbey of Thelema in Cefalu, Sicily. When he was resident there from 1920-1923 he painted murals on each wall, many of which have now vanished thanks to time, despoliation, and the loutish behaviour of certain individuals who have daubed the walls with their own graffiti, totally ruining the master's work. I've tried to reproduce the mural as best as I could, but the decay is so extensive it is difficult to make out what the original painting represented. The floor tiles are identical to the ones still in place. I've added the quotation here which has been given a stronger emphasis by the substitution of a word and the staging of the act to prove it.
76. *Bondage, the Yoga of the West*. I must be the only person in the world who sees bondage (as practised in BDSM type scenarios) as the equivalent of yoga. They are both grounded in the same principles and both, etymologically, stem from the same root. Like yoga, the *asana* (or position) is given a name derived from the animal it by shape suggests. This and the next page are bogus, advertising a book that doesn't exist. But for those interested, consult my work *The Double Current* where I go into more detail.
77. *My Favourite Amputee*. One of a number of unassigned songs that, like the others, will never be fully manifested on this plane. Here follows three; they are just a bit of fun, that's all. This one was written fairly recently, about 2015. Although I've never bedded an amputee, or a woman completely limbless, a man indeed would have the advantage in that situation. Why? Because she can't run away! The title is affixed to a lump of meat. This is my way of poking fun at those women who state that we men treat them like pieces of meat. Well, here at least, they are. So there!
78. *The Man with X-Ray Eyes*. Nothing to do with the 1963 film of the same name starring Ray Milland who develops a serum which enables him to see beyond the physical realm, but more a state of mind, for when you have had certain experiences you feel that somehow you can see through people, not physically which would be impossible, but psychologically. Their hidden motives/agendas become apparent, and that's what this song is really about.

79. *Dildos are Forever*. A dig at the Shirley Bassey classic. The lyricist, Don Black, opined at the time he was writing the words that really she could be singing about penises. So I have simply spiced up the song, made it more interesting. (Music/lyrics: J. Barry, D. Black/Lyrics: J. Lange)
80. *Thoughts from a Vacuous Mind*. This is a collection of unused snippets of poetry/lyrics/rants/ravings, mostly stream-of-consciousness, jotted down during a drunken bout of inspiration many years ago.
81. *Ancient Remains*. As above, some old poetry, unpublished heretofore.
82. *And Finally ...* I love fake news. I think it is our greatest asset, and the world would be far better off if there were more of it. For how can we tell if the news we are receiving is real or not? Any news is going to be partial because it is given from one perspective only, that of the reporter who may not see the complete picture, or the underlying cause behind an event. So therefore all news should be treated with caution, until at least the whole story has been heard and from various sources. Only then can a better judgement be made. Here I am poking fun at certain people who need to be brought down a peg or two, badly. Firstly, the monarchy. Can't stand them and I believe sincerely this country would be better off without them. They have no concept of why they are here except that they just happened to have been born into a family which is in a certain position of power, quite forgetting why royalty was established in the first place. If we go back to ancient Egypt, the thinking behind setting up a pharaoh on the throne was due to him being seen as divine. He was not just a man but a god, an interlocutor with the other gods, in the same way that a shaman lived in this world but also had access to the other world. And if there was trouble and strife in the land, or the Nile failed to inundate properly, then the pharaoh was blamed for not living in accordance with Maat, the Truth, or the Way. He was a divine embodiment of the principle of life. Yet over the centuries this idea has become lost. Can we really hail our monarchs as being gods? Of course not. They just happen to be descendants of a so-called 'royal' dynasty, no different from you or I, and should never be placed on a pedestal or worshipped as such. I am all for abolishing the monarchy. They are a waste of space, a waste of tax-payers' money and serve no purpose. May years ago I joked that if the Americans love our monarchy so much then they can have them. Put them up for sale or privatise them on the stock-market. Do anything other than let these moribund creatures fester and spawn. Secondly, J. K. Rowling just happened to get lucky by being in the right place at the right time. Ten years before her first book was published I was touting a similar idea round the publishers, but nobody was interested. Now thirty years on she's mega-rich and worshipped the world over. Jealous? Me? Never! But I wish I could write shit like that and make millions out of it. Thirdly, I think it is absolutely deplorable that in this day and age we still see people sleeping rough on the streets, especially when the Queen—who is supposed to care about her people—has over 50 spare bedrooms lying empty back at her pad. I don't see her offering to put up anybody for the night. Fourthly, I have no respect for the so-called Young British Artists of today who show no genuine creative talent, except as a business venture. There is an old song by a band called Alternative TV, the lyrics of which go: 'A.R.T. = M.O.N.E.Y = CORRUPTION.' I couldn't agree more. Any artist who is doing it purely for profit should be denounced as a traitor, Damien Hirst being a good example. (I've lampooned some of his work. See *The D. H. Project* on Behance). Fifthly, Donald Trump should never have been made President of the USA. He only won the election because he had more money than the other candidates and thus could sustain the long haul to the Whitehouse. I just wish someone would invest in building a wall around him, preferably a thousand feet high, so we don't have to see or hear from him ever again. Sixthly, I totally believe in the freedom of speech and the leaking of information to other parties so we can get a reasonable idea of what is going on behind closed doors. Mr Assange should be commended for his work, not vilified. His enemies have brought in trumped up charges just so they can put him in a cell and keep him quiet. The same happened with Wilhelm Reich. He was imprisoned for his thoughts! Seventhly, no disrespect to Angelina Jolie, or other actresses, but I am getting sick and tired of hearing how they were assaulted many years ago and now they're opening up about it. A sexual assault is a serious offence and should be reported to the authorities immediately, not moaned about years later. Eighthly, again no offence, but would anybody really want to shag Angela Merkel, especially when she looks grumpy like this? Lastly, I have already addressed the problem of climate change, global warming, etc., in my small work *The God Button*, so I'm not going to repeat the same things here; suffice to say we need to look at the human population, how it keeps increasing, and how by 2050 it will be approx. 9.6 billion; that is nearly treble the size compared with 1950. The main reason we're experiencing all these problems at present is because of this fact: there are too many of us. Spaceship Earth can only carry so many passengers. I heard a news report today as I was writing this that stated something radical has to be done soon otherwise we will lose over a million species of animals. Why? Because their habitation is shrinking due to us humans taking up more space. We are already to blame for the loss of many species in the past. Do we really want to lose any more? Further, deforestation, pollution (including plastic pollution), and many other factors that are currently affecting the natural environment are down to us simply because we treat the world as if we own it and that it's here purely for our use. We need to treat the world with more respect. Remember, many animal species have been here a lot longer than us, but we in our arrogance think we are above them, and have the right to mistreat them and to contaminate the natural world. I said all this over 20 years ago. Each day there's further proof. If the world is going to be saved it's down to us! So when I see women campaigning for cleaner air, a drop in carbon emissions, green issues, or complaining about climate change, saying we need to do something, it really gets my goat as they're contributing to the problem in the first place by insisting on having their fucking babies, the selfish cunts.